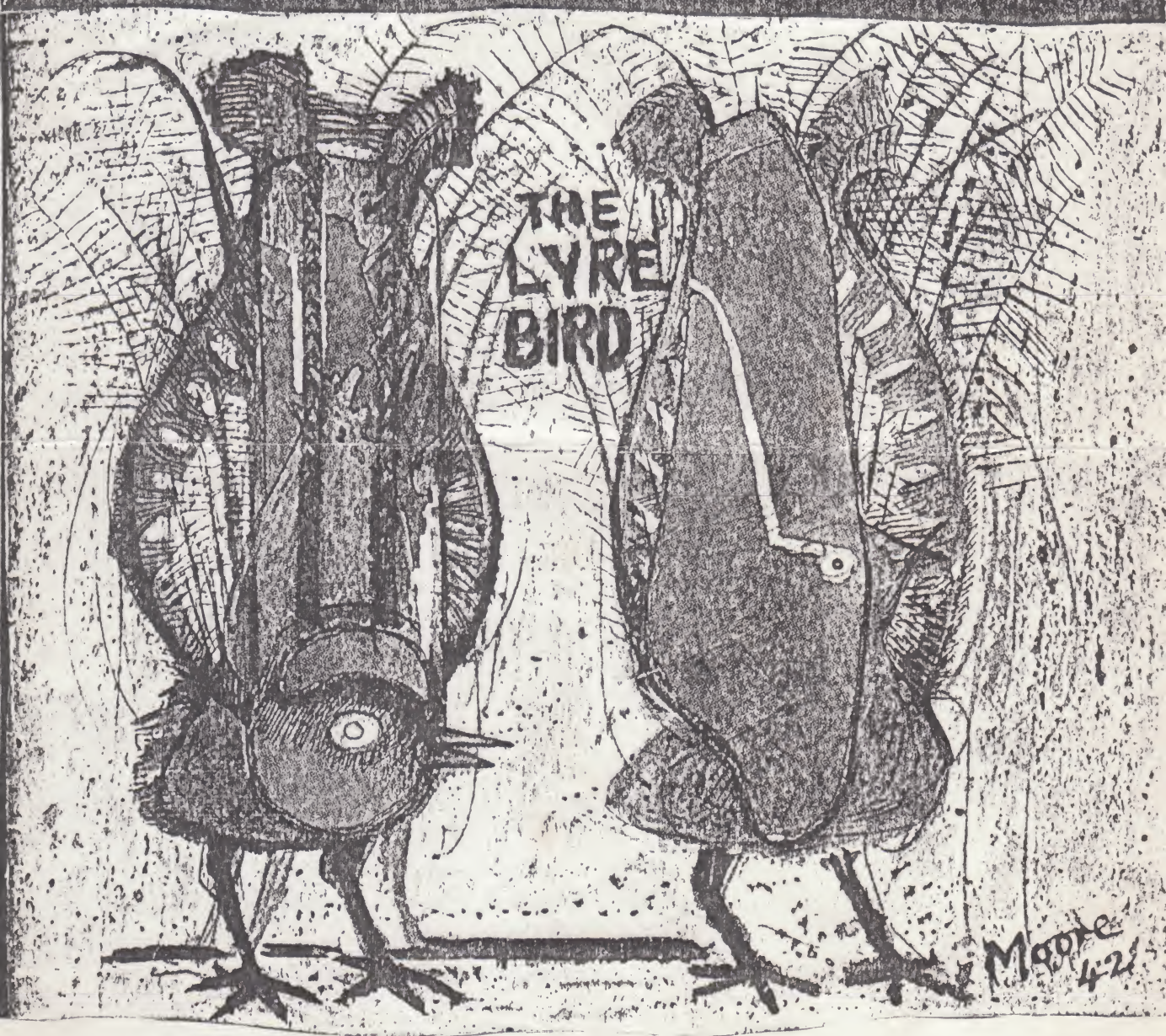


# POETRY

LONDON



APPLE  
MAGAZINE



Edited by  
TAMBIMUTTU





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## A MASTERPIECE OF THE CENTURY: ART WITHOUT FRONTIERS

On a splendid summer's day, around 1970, I called on my dear friend John and Myfanwy Piper at Fawley Bottom Farm House, by Henly on Thames, in the company of the Associate Editor of Poetry London New York. John, who was expecting us, was already at the door of the ~~originally flint and red brick~~ <sup>farm house of flint and red brick</sup> ~~crisis~~ <sup>or working farmer's</sup> ~~craftsmans or mad~~ <sup>farmhouse</sup> ~~cottage~~ which he and Myfanwy ~~had transformed~~ <sup>had transformed</sup> over a period of nearly five decades, into one of the warmest and friendliest of yet another ~~international~~ <sup>or working farmer</sup> ~~master craftsman~~ <sup>international</sup> ~~visionary genius of~~ <sup>visionary genius of</sup> ~~the classical periods of India~~ <sup>the classical periods of India</sup> ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~the greatest Indologist of the Century Ananda K. Coomaraswami~~ <sup>the greatest Indologist of the Century Ananda K. Coomaraswami</sup> ~~mentor of Eric Gill~~ <sup>mentor of Eric Gill</sup> ~~another craftsman involved with the printed word and~~ <sup>sculpture</sup> ~~images~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~who had also had~~ <sup>written about</sup> the relationship of religion to the workman and to art) had his Why Exhibit Works 6f046? ha



TAMBI BY IDA KERR  
Colombo

B.B.C. TO FEATURE POEM ON CEYLON.  
Tambi arrived in Ceylon complete with a recording machine to record for B.B.C. poems and features about Ceylon for broadcast in the Third Programme in the B.B.C. He had other assignments too to write for Vogue, The new Statesman London Observer World Review and Leader.

His comments to the reporter were that Poetry does not pay. He had personally lost 3800 pounds as a publisher in 1936. "But one cannot consider the money altogether lost because it went towards publishing literary efforts which otherwise might not have seen the light of day.

Duncan Campbell wrote from London in his London Diary to the Ceylon Observer. "Tambimuttu was offered a lecture tour in the United States where his work is well known but he turned it down because he thought it was important for him first to visit Ceylon again. Now Tambimuttu is tired of what he calls "literary midwifery" and is hoping to devote much more of his time to his own writing.

A completely unbiased view of the importance of Tambi is given by Kenneth Rexroth in a new anthology published in the United States. He writes "Speaking as an oriental with perfect confidence in his non-European background, he was able to marshal a 'history' of Western civilization in terms of causes, diagnosis, pathology, remedies and behaviour and prognosis with a cogency and insight which very few English poets could have mustered. For all the years of the war he published the best verse and the newest verse in England. Without Tambimuttu the picture might have been different, more like America, where the generation that came up during the war is still struggling for a hearing."

THE Ceylon Observer  
[Illegible text]



PORTRAIT OF TAMBI BY IDA KERR

C L A U D E ' S   O W N   B O O K

6 F

L O V E L Y   L A D I E S

by

Tambimuttu

Himself a Lover of

Fair Ladies

1954

The Guri Press  
338 East 87th Street,  
New York



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2 TYPES OF KISSES

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## P R E F A C E

The second sex is a mystery to Claude, as it is to most of us. It is with the hope of lifting the veil that ~~that~~ shrouds this Seat of Love, as the poets have put it, that this work was undertaken.

If this work is of the slightest use to him in the pursuit of his favourite pastime, the quest of the elusive Whole, that the Vedantists have amply explained, his friend, the humble author would have been amply repaid for his pains.

This book was specially published on 6 February 1954 so that it may be a guide to him among the dangers and pit-falls of Paris to which cess-pool of iniquity he is betaking himself on pressing business. If he should always keep this talisman with him and consult it at all emergencies, and do nothing naughty, without reference to it, the author, his friend, guarantees that it will be a sure prophylactic, panacea and boon to him in all tussles, dangerous situations, and ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ love intrigues in that dreadful city.

~~Yxxx~~ Vatsyayana Muni says the body must be excercized, even as you do a horse. But you can't flog a dead one said Guru Shakespeare to his people// referring to the English climate. In Paris one has to excercise, and the situation is fraught with danger, unlike in England. Which is the reason I have prepared this talisman or garland of verses to keep him in good health and to

8

ward off all cholics, fevers, distempers, nervous disorders,  
dyspepsias, agues, aches, pains, head-aches, worries, anxieties,  
vitamin deficiencies, heart-conditions, impaired virility,  
hypertensions, over-sexed ness, ~~xx~~ amatorial chlorosis,  
hangovers, nightclub fatigue, eye-strain etc. etc. etc. etc.

*Tambimuttu.*  
Tambimuttu

New York, 6.2.54

And with Love from  
*صبيح*



# I. LOVE IS SUPREME

1.

When through the urgency of great love  
Women begin to do anything,  
To place obstacles in their path  
Even the Maker is afraid.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Bhartrihari (7th Cent.)  
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

## 2. INTERROGATION

Answer me, smart youth,  
The sugarcane is crooked --  
Is its juice not straight?  
The arch of the eye is not straight --  
Are its looks crooked?  
The line of the teeth's jagged --  
Is the smile crooked?  
The shape of the banana is arched --  
Is the taste dull?  
The lips are not straight --  
Are kisses crooked?  
The moon is not straight --  
Is the moonlight crooked?  
My fate is, contorted --  
Is my love crooked?

Tr. from the Kannada of Gari (Feathers) by  
D.R.Bendre (contemporary) by the author and  
K.Raghavendra Rao.

## II. SHE IS MODEST AND NOT TOO FORWARD

1.

On one pretext and another she makes visible parts of her body  
 And then from ~~xxxxx~~ modesty quickly covers them;  
 Gives me a glance in which love is clearly there  
 And then in a second withdraws it.  
 When I look at her she dares not meet my eyes  
 And ~~hopes~~ <sup>hopes</sup> yet that I will look at her again.  
 Yes, there is love in her heart and yet  
 Dares not relax her hostile state.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Chandraswamin  
 by the author and G.V.Vaidya

2.

Half her heart filled with love for her spouse  
 And half with modesty;  
 One eye directed towards his face  
 And the other to the lattice-window;  
 One foot resting on the bed  
 And the other on the floor  
 She is unable to remain there  
 Standing, or to go away.

From the Sanscrit of Dhoyleka. Tr. by the author and G.V.Vaidya

3.

This my lotus-eyed darling,  
 Screened from view in the mango-grove by tender ~~xxxxx~~ leaves,  
 And speaking of something, in words that are not quite clear,  
 Fills my heart with a great eagerness.

Bhaskara, 9th Century. Tr. from the Sanscrit by the author  
 and G.V.Vaidya.



4.

My beloved, appearing from behind dark-coloured  
Plantain-leaves, and making herself visible to me,  
Gladdens my heart, just as the crescent moon appearing from  
behind clouds,  
Gladdens the chakora \* ~~bird~~ bird.

Translated from the Sanscrit of Jayadeva (12th Century)  
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

---

\* An Indian partridge which is supposed by poets to feed on  
moonlight, as the lover drinks with his eyes the radiance  
of his beloved's face.

### III. THE STARTLED EYES OF DOES

#### 1. MEETING AFTER SEPARATION

When I said "You have grown very thin,"

<sup>She</sup>  
You came and clung to me.

"Your clothes are bedraggled," I said

And she hung her head down.

When I said "I can hardly see you,"

Her ~~xxxxx~~ great bosom heaved, and she wept.

When I embraced her

She was ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ confounded with indescribable love

And in an instant the doe-eyed girl

Was completely merged in my heart.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of poetess Marula  
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

#### 2.

In dark girls I see your body; in the startled looks of does  
your eyes,

In the moon your cheeks, in liquid peacock plumes your hair;

The play of your eye-brows, in the delicate rippling of

rivers,

But never have I, alas, <sup>0</sup>fiery one, found <sup>all</sup>these in one place  
before.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Kalidasa (4th to 5th Cent)  
By the author and G.V.Vaidya



The moon-face is rather difficult to describe; but it is oval shaped without angularities, with large, expressive eyes. It is serene and tranquil like the moon.

4

Shall I enter your body?  
Or shall I swallow your ladyship whole?  
After a long time I get ~~back~~ you back again,  
I am at a loss, really, what to do.

Lotus-Eyed, stop, please, for a moment  
Tying-up beautifully those locks of hair,  
For my eyes have been firmly rivetted there,  
And I have been ~~slowly~~ extricating them the whole day.

Full of the sweetness of honey  
Your words please my ears, O my darling,  
And refreshed are both my eyes  
By your face -- the Sharad\* moon's reflection.

O mango blossom in Cupid's shape  
With lovely eyes stretching to the ears,  
Whither going after capturing my heart?  
Anarchy's reigning here, don't you think?

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Kalidasa (4th to 5th Century)  
by the author and G.V.Vaidya.

---

\* This season stretches from October to November.

V "SMALL EARS FOR A SMALL FACE; AND SMALL ~~FACE~~<sup>EARS</sup>/ALSO FOR  
A BIG FACE."

### GIRIKA'S EARS

Brahma, the Creator of the Universe  
Formed Girika to such perfection, as had never been;  
He found to his surprise that she excelled  
By far, the beautiful ones, all, of the three worlds.  
He put down his blessings on her forehead, in writing;  
Began and ended his legend with a "Sree"\*  
In Telugu, and the "Srees" were her ears.  
What wonder then they had not the shadow of an imperfection,  
And spelt out immortal glory for her without a blemish?

Telugu of  
Tr. from the Vasucharitram of Rama Raja Bhushana  
(16th Cent.) by the author and R. Appalaswamy

\* "Sree" is used in India as a honorific prefix to names of  
valued books, men, heroes, kings and gods. Means "Fortune"  
"Prosperity" and plain "Mister". The Telugu character for  
"Sree" resembles a whorled ear.

ABOUT HER WAIST THREE FURROWS IN A ROW, LIKE CIRCLING  
BILLOWS GO....

1.

Blessed are those, who seeing the figures of women with

big, unsteady eyes,

Breasts thick-set and heavy with the flush of youth,

And the three fair folds clearly circling their bellies,

Don't let their minds be <sup>stirred</sup> ~~moved~~ by Emotion.

2.

xxx

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Bhartrihari (7th Cent.)  
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

LOVELY

VI. BY CONSTANT MARRIAGE WITH PEARLS, THE BREASTS LOOK ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

1.

One should set up one's abode, either on the river Ganges  
Whose waters have power to wash away all sin,  
Or on the twin breasts of a young ~~maiden~~ woman  
Which look lovely, with a pearl necklace.

Translated from the Sanscrit of Bhartrihari (7th Cent.)  
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

2.

Your tied-up hair looks like Yogis, who have restrained their  
passions; your eyes which seem to extend even beyond the  
ears are, wise men who have mastered the Vedas;\*

Your naturally white teeth set in your mouth seem, as it were,  
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ as many twice-born Brahmins;

Your big breasts which look beautiful by constant marriage with  
pearls seem, as it were, in constant nearness <sup>to</sup> ~~with~~ men who  
have found salvation,

And yet, in spite of your body's association with all that is  
tranquil, O lovely one, it <sup>disturbs</sup> ~~agitates~~ our minds.

Translated from the Sanscrit of Bhartrihari (7th Cent.)  
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

3. I HAVE NEVER SEEN A NECKLACE OF PEARLS

"Never have I seen a necklace of pearls  
Though I have very often heard of it."



I called to my darling and I smiled at her,  
She smiled: and a necklace of pearls appeared!  
The beauty of red coral have I not yet seen;

"The beauty of red coral have I not yet seen;"

And I pointed out the coral reefs  
That are the red lips of my darling.

"They say there are no thornless roses;"  
And I look, in silence, at my sweetheart's cheeks.

"Tell me, where is the marvellous lotus  
That blooms both day and night?"  
I don't speak, but point to my darling.

"Who sculpted this exquisite statue of love?"

I don't care: I only know she adorns my heart.

Tr. from the Assamese of Laxminath Bezboroa  
by the author and Birinchi Kumar Barua (19th Cent.)

VII. MANY PARTS OF HER BODY ARE COMPARED TO A LOTUS

1.

Sweetheart, shift your eyes a little and shatter blue lotus  
to pieces,

Pout your lower lip a little, pale coral before it;

Reveal your body a moment, ~~and~~ darken gold before it;

Look up a little, and let two moons shine in the sky.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Rajasekhara, Early 10th Cent.  
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

2.

Bathed by the sunshine and having a very red glow,

With innermost anthers lit by rays reflected from your teeth,

Your mouth, dear one, is definitely a lotus,

Why not, then, a black bee sipping honey therein?

Youthful lady, while sipping honey from your lower lip

I wish I were the King of Serpents, with a thousand ~~xxx~~ tongues.

Embracing you I wish I were Banasura with a thousand arms,

And seeing the whole of you I wish I were Indra with a thousand  
eyes.

From the Sanscrit of Shreenivaschampu, tr. by the author  
and G.V.Vaidya

3.

Your face, O beautiful one is an open white lotus,

And your lower lip ~~xxx~~ <sup>an</sup> open china-rose;

Your two eyes are blue lotuses,

Your body is a lovely conjunction of flowers.

From the Sanscrit of Kalyanopadyaya. Tr. by the author and  
G.V.Vaidya

4.

Coming to me quickly, beloved, with eyes beautiful as  
a blue lotus

Twine your tendril-like dainty arms round my neck;

Or coming from ~~behind~~ behind with soft steps

Cover both my eyes with your delicate leaf-like hands.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Bhaskara (12th Century) by the  
author and G.V.Vaidya

5. The trembling corners of her eyes as if of blue lotuses made;  
her eye-brows of ripples of water;

Her face as if from hundreds of moons; her limbs from  
lotus-stalks;

Her touch from sandal-<sup>paste</sup>~~paste~~; her smile as if from dew-drops;

And yet the mere remembrance of her <sup>starts</sup>~~causes~~ a throbbing  
burning. Is it that she was made of fire?

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Kshemendra (11th Cent.) by the  
author and G.V.Vaidya

6.

Strange indeed is the art of stealing you have learnt

O nimble-eyed;

In broad daylight, and when they are wide awake

You steal men's hearts, and O from a distance!

Look at me, once more, girl,

With eyes long and tapering like a lotus petal:

We have heard it long said, that in this world

Poison's an antidote to poison.

O lotus-eyed ~~kixxxx~~ one, listen

To the slander that's being spread about you:

Throughout the world, your face with the moon

Is being ~~kixxxxxx~~ linked by foolish people

Your face, my darling, is like a lotus,  
And a lotus-bloom is like your face.  
Ah me, if ever you hide in a drift of lotuses  
How on earth shall I find you?

When will I be hovering like an attentive black bee  
Over your face, maiden, that is like a lotus bloom,  
Which has your lower lip for its dark petal  
And is adorned with the anthers of your teeth?

Translated from the Sanscrit of Rairoopaka by the author  
and G.V.Vaidya

7.

Seeing on the banks of the lake  
The smiling face of a maiden;  
And in the water of the lake  
A blossoming lotus;  
In their greed for honey, this swarm  
Of silly black-black bees  
Is flying to and fro  
Between the two.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Jagannatha Pundit  
by the author and G.V.Vaidya



# VIII. EYES LIKE FISHES, WITH THEIR LONG FLASHING GLIDE

## 1. GIRIKA (From Vasucharitram)

The soles of Girika's feet are pink and smooth as coral,  
And soft as the first red shoots of leaves.

Her face rivals the moon in brilliance,  
Has the loveliness of a lotus in full bloom.

Her cheeks like the hemispheres of night's scented globe,  
Quite breathe the odour of light camphor.

Her eyes petalled quick, thick as lotuses,  
Have the flash of leaping fishes.

Her twin breasts two pitchers of the purest gold  
Spell beneficence for our whole planet:

And high too as the temples of the Bhadra Elephant.

Her hair suggests the thick folds of rain-charged clouds,  
And hypnotises ~~xx~~ like black Cobra with spread hood;

Her fair form has all the properties of gold,

And every inch of her yields champak odours.

Telugu  
Tr. from the ~~Kannada~~/of Rama Raja Bhushana (16th Century)  
by the author and R.Appalaswamy.

## 2.

By your looks from those eyes glancing like fish

I have been reduced to this pitiful condition.

Tell me then slender one, why the smile with the whiteness of  
moonlight?

You are only grinding over and over again, what's already  
ground to powder.

From the Sanscrit of Vidyapathi (15th Century)  
Tr. by the author and G.V.Vaidya

3.

Is it the moon, the lotus, reflection in glass or a face?

Is it paired lotuses, twin fish, pair of arrows, or two eyes?

Are these mated ~~xxxx~~ birds, two nosegays, golden jars,

or breasts?

Is it a lightning streak, star, golden creeper, or a maiden?

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Bilhana (11th Cent.)  
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

IX. LOWER LIP IS THE NECTARY OF A FLOWER

The lower lip is specifically mentioned by Indian poets. It is the lower ~~patal~~ in certain flowers that bear the nectaries; whence the recurring image of bees sipping honey from a woman's mouth.)

1.

Her mouth whose lower lip was time and time again screened

by her little finger

And from which came her words of refusal;

Mouth of that girl with lovely lashes curving away from her  
shoulder,

Somehow raised up by me, but ~~xx~~ O never kissed!

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Kalidasa (4th to 5th Cent.) by the  
author and G.V.Vaidya

2.

Having ~~xxxx~~ made your eyes from the blue lotus, your mouth  
from the red,

Teeth from jasmin buds, lower lip from delicate foliage,

And your limbs from champak petals, how is it the Creator

Fashioned, O my darling, your heart of ~~A~~ stone?

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Kalidasa (4th to 5th Cent.) by  
the author and G.V.Vaidya

3.

Your lovely lower lip, competing with a fresh china-rose  
And like an opening flower -- slightly parted with your smile,  
Attracting towards itself the steady stream of black bees of  
the young men's eyes,  
Seems to be stringing a garland of the amorous gestures of  
youth.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Jalachandra by the author and G.V.Vaidya

## ~~X~~HAIR, LIKE A SWARM OF BLACK BEES

### 1. X

The fall of hair of the doe-eyed  
Just risen from bed and holding it  
Tightly gathered in the hollow of her hand  
Seemed like a thick stream of black-bees  
Issuing out of a ~~lotus~~ bowl / of lotus.

Tr from the Sanscrit of Vidhitrapashu<sup>tr</sup>  
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

### 2. PRAVARA AND VARUDHINI

Pravara walked on, and blown on the breeze,  
He smelled the strong bouquet of musk, of camphor and betel;  
By the fragrance led, he held on  
And soon saw before him in a blaze  
Of beauty, a Gandharva\* girl as bright as lightning.  
Her eyes were many-petalled lotuses and she  
Had hair as black and sleek as bumble bees;  
Like the full-moon her face, and her twin breasts  
Were matched well like a pair of chakravaka\*\* birds;  
Her navel was deep set and of flower-loveliness,  
In the full bloom of youth, and fair beyond all words.  
She was relaxed on a seat of marble  
Under a mango tree of thick foliage:  
Red skirt showed through white folds of  
White muslin saree, and her hips were large and round.

---

\*Heavenly nymphs

\*\*Fate separates the chakravaka birds ~~xxxxxxx~~ at night which  
they spend on opposite banks of a river uttering mournful cry



The skirt's red tinged the marble a soft red:  
 She played the Veena\* pressed against her breasts.  
 Moved with lightning motions, tapering fingers,  
 Up and down strings that uttered heavenly music:  
 She sang with half-shut eyes, with concentrated passion,  
 With woman's passion, locked in <sup>pressing</sup> ~~urgent~~ man's embrace:  
 She played with wonderful skill, and as she played  
 Her tinkling wristle<sup>ts</sup> kept time, and notes came fast,  
 And shimmered numerous as sunlit ripples.  
 Then she heard footsteps, and raising ~~xxx~~ up her eyes,  
 She saw coming the lover of her dreams,  
 A lover out-shining Nala\*Kubara\*in manly beauty.  
 Her heart beat fast, her eyes <sup>opened</sup> ~~dilated~~ like lotus to the morning  
 sun,  
 In a clutter of enamelled petals, and O her so round breasts  
 Swelled forth prickling the skin's ~~xxxxxx~~ surface,  
 And her whole being kindled, longing for love's embraces.  
 She saw him, she rose, and hurried  
 With rustling footsteps, and her anklets tinkled,  
 Her hair cascaded down, her breasts quivered, and hips swayed  
 with great grace:  
 She sought the vantage of a tall and slender, smooth  
 Areca nut palm in flower, and by its trunk  
 Stood all aflutter, and poured forth her eyes' light  
 Into that river of white made by the God of Earth's approach.

From Manucharitram by Allasani Peddana (16th Cent.)  
 Tr from the Telugu by the author and R.Appalaswamy.

\* Stringed musical instrument

\* A son of Kuvera, the god of wealth.

## 3. THE EVENING

The Queen of Colours bit pink the face of the sky  
And it was evening, then.  
On the land's edge the cloak of snow had carelessly fallen,  
Now and then rising to the wind.  
The full moon like the murunga flower was smiling.  
It was silver above.  
Stars like jasmine flowers,  
Were scattered in long black woman's hair of night.  
The girl with big, round eyes, whom all desire  
Was returning home with a pot of water.  
The path to the well, like a frolicsome kitten,  
Was following her, tangling her feet, and dropping behind.  
Cool winds scented with rain, often let it go.  
A parrot freed from my heart was following her shadow:  
Was unaware of what it was doing.

Translated from the Kannada of Gari (Feathers) by  
D.R.Bendre (contemporary) by the author and  
K.Raghavendra Rao.

XII. HER SLENDER WAIST, ALMOST A VANISHING LINE

RADHA MESSAGES KRISHNA

With beads of perspiration on her cheeks that shone like mirrors,  
 With the musk-mark on her forehead melted and streaming down;  
 With the bracelets adorning her wrists tinkling time,  
 And from her eyes' fountains a great radiance pouring;  
 Under the burden of her breasts, her slender waist swaying,  
 Stormy like ocean, her bosom, with infinite love, and her  
     waist-knot every now and then becoming undone,  
 Her shoulder blades shining, and plaited hair dancing by her hips,  
 Her every sigh like the breeze, rising up to high heaven,  
 Did Radha with oil pressed from Champak flowers massage her  
     Krishna  
 To her heart's content.

From Radhika Santhwanam by the poetess Muddu Palani (c.1765)  
 Tr. from the Telugu by the author and R.Appalaswamy.

### XIII HIPS CURVING LIKE TWIN BANKS OF SAND

1.

Youth, like sharat,\* season of the brightset moonlight,  
 Came out of every inch of Girika's beautiful form.  
 The river of her childhood years sank under,  
 Bringing to view the boulders of her breasts;  
 And on the golden sands of her shining belly  
 Appeared three rippling lines, and in the middle,  
 The navel suggested, a deep dark pool,  
 And her hips thrust out like twin banks of sand.

From Vasucharitram by Rama Raja Bhushana (16th Cent.)  
 Tr. from the/~~XXXXXXXXXX~~by the author and R.Appalaswamy  
 Telugu

2.

On her lotus-like feet I am like a black bee;  
 On the sand-banks of her hips I am a swan;  
 On the mountains of big breasts, a peacock; on her moonface  
 a chakora;\*\*

And on the cloud of thick, massive hair, a Chataka.\*\*\*

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Bilhana by the author and G.V.Vaidya

---

\* This season extends from October to November.

\*\* A kind of Indian partridge which is supposed by poets to feed on moonlight.

\*\*\* A proud bird that will only drink drops of water from a cloud for which it thirsts with its beak open.



1.

Coming to me quickly, beloved, with eyes beautiful as a  
blue lotus,

Twine your tendril-like dainty arms round my neck;  
or coming from behind with soft steps

Cover both my eyes with your delicate leaf-like hands.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Bhaskara by the author  
and G.V.Vaidya.

2. ON HER FACE\*

Today I saw a golden creeper wandering about the city's suburbs,  
And on it eternally blooming a marvellously wonderful lotus;  
On that flower two black bees and above -- crescent of  
lunar fortnight's eighth night,  
And on that moon a completely black cloud, brooding there  
night and day.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Sri Vittoka by the author  
and G.V.Vaidya

\* The creeper represents a young woman, the lotus her face,  
two black bees her eyes, the crescent moon her forehead,  
the cloud the dark hair of her head.

1. NILA

Now Nila's speech grew sweet, suggesting the poet's figure --  
 Chattering parrots pecked the red fruit of her lips;  
 Her braided hair was black and long like Rahu\*, the sky snake  
 Come to devour the full moon of her face that outshined it.  
 The down of her belly was like a long line of bees,  
 Thick-swanning in file for the Suraponna blossom of the navel;  
 Her feet were paired swans, moving with slow grace;  
 She sang of these changes to herself, aware herself ---  
 For full of youth was she, and knew the authority of her own  
 charms:  
 Her breasts were full and round and firm out-thrust, awake,  
 awake,  
 Like gold lotus buds out of the depths of heart-desire's  
 quiet lake.

From Radhika Santhwanam by poetess Muddu Palani (c.1765)  
 Tr. from the Telugu by the author and R.Appalaswamy.

2. AHALYA

Saraswathi herself, and the other goddesses of heaven,  
 Seeing the new maiden, wished they had been men.  
 Ahalya stood, shame-facedly, and, with tapering fingers,  
 As she arranged her hair, her eyes poured streams of jet;  
 And when the maiden ~~gracefully~~ moved her feet, *gracefully*,  
 The snow white swans which are the mounts of Brahma  
 Were <sup>in Halya</sup> ~~completely~~ overcome by her matchless walk <sup>to</sup>  
 Which far excelled their own; and knew not how <sup>to</sup> ~~hide~~ their shame.

From Ahalya Sankrandanam by Venkata Krishnappa Nayaka  
 (18th Cent.) Tr. from the Telugu by the author and  
 R.Appalaswamy.

\*Swallowing the sun and moon Rahu the dragon is the cause of  
 eclipses.

XVI WOMAN'S A SNARE

1

They shatter with a man,  
And look at another with fond gestures;  
In their ~~kxxxx~~ minds think of yet another,  
Who then is loved by woman?

Bhartrihari, 7th Cent. Tr. by the author and  
G.V.Vaidya

2

By their graceful gestures, by unctuous smiles, bashfulness,  
hesitation,  
By their side-glances from half-opened eyes, faces turned  
aside,  
By their sweet chatter, jealous bickering, and playfulness,  
By ~~all~~ all these things, have women become the shackles of man.

Bhartrihari, 7th Cent. Tr. by the author and  
G.V.Vaidya

3

Whirlpool of doubts, as it were; home of immodesty; city of  
rash acts;  
Collection of faults; entirely made of hundreds of faults;  
~~xxxxxx~~ breeding-ground of suspicions;  
Impediment blocking the entry to heaven; gates to the City of  
Hell; wicker-box containing all delusions;  
Who made this woman-machine composed, as it were, of nectar  
as well as poison, sole snare of all creatures?

Bhartrihari, 7th Cent. Tr. by the author and  
G.V.Vaidya.

(36)

XVII. TOILET AND CLOTHES

THE BRIDAL PROCESSION OF THE KING AND QUEEN, AND CONFUSION  
IN THE WOMEN'S APARTMENTS

One lady who held her hair in her fingers for knotting it, when she went towards the window did not bother any more, though the flowers in her hair were falling;

Another lady whose servant held her foot in her hands, painting it, withdrew it and walked with quick steps to the window, staining the whole way with marks of red lac;

Another lady having collyriumed her right eye, made straight for the window leaving the other eye undone, and still holding in her hand the collyrium-stick;

While another lady gazing through the lattice didn't bother to tie the knot of her garment which had become undone, when she walked towards it; but holding her garment with her hand, with bracelets whose shine gilt her navel, she stood still as before;

One lady's waist girdle, only half strung with jewels, was reduced to a mere string wound round her thumb when quickly she got up and walked with puzzled steps, the jewels dropping out one by one.

While another lady who suckling her child placed him on the floor in haste and went to the window, was so overcome with the flow of milk from both breasts that it sprinkled the window-sill.

From the Raghu Vamsa of Kalidasa (4th to 5th Cent.)

Tr. from the Sanscrit by the author and G.V.Vaidya

2.

Struck by their feet\* adorned with anklets and dyed with lac  
Even an unliving tree puts forth flowers;  
~~Moist~~ <sup>Wet</sup> with perspiration from their bodies  
If any man is unmoved, that is truly a miracle!

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Kshemendra (11th Century)  
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

### 3. PEACOCK-FEATHER EYE

O who has to the peacock given  
His feathers lit with lustrous eyes  
Which shed heart-moving gleams of heaven?  
And when he spreads his tail fanwise  
And dances with such wonderful grace  
Does not in vision ~~invariably~~ rise  
The beauty of Lord Krishna's face?  
  
Sleek and mobile hues that crowd  
When sunset <sup>sleeps</sup> ~~creeps~~ through folds of cloud:  
Of sapphires, the liquid blaze:  
The glintings and luminous replies  
Of girl's collyrium-painted eyes --  
Of all rich tints, the essence is  
Caught fast in peacock-feather eyes.

(next stanza overleaf)

---

\*The champak tree (Plumeria) is supposed to blossom when a young woman paints her feet with ~~xxx~~ red lac, puts anklets on them, and strikes it with her foot.



Tr. from the Telugu of Chenta Deskshtulu  
by the author and R.Appalaswamy

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Bhartrihari (7th Cent.)  
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Bhartrihari by the author and

6.

With face lovely as the moon, as if made of moon-stones,  
With deep-blue hair, as if made of sapphires;  
With palms of her hands, lotus-coloured, made of rubies,  
She scintillated as if she were made of jewels.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Bhartrihari  
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

Even now I remember her on her beds  
 Her body distilling a fragrance of musk  
 Mixed with the curdy essence of santal:  
 Whose eyes while she was kissed  
 Like two birds inserting beak into beak,  
 Looked beautiful, with their lashes  
 Shut fast, ~~pressed together~~, in her ecstasy.

I still remember her at the great moment of love  
 Her slender shape and restless eyes;  
 Her body balmed with musk and blend of saffron,  
 Her mouth with camphor-scented betel;  
 And O her lovely lower lip!

Bilhana, 11th Century. \*

#### WOMEN PLAYING WITH A BALL

Clearly do I see, O ball, your intention  
 Set on contacting the lower lip of that young lady,  
 Since struck by that feminine red-lotus-like hand,  
 You bound back to her, again and again.

Keeping her breasts' covering, slipping down time and again, in  
 its place,  
 And in its proper place each ornament that was in disorder;  
 Singing softly one song and another, running higher and thither,  
 She is driving forward the ball set with jewels.

Her breasts made visible with their covering slipping down;  
 Thighs charmingly visible with their garment upwards flying;  
 Her limbs' beauty seen to advantage, by jewels on her body thrown  
 in disorder ----

Here and there wandering, with each step, she makes the hearts  
 of youths also to wander.

---

\*Translated from the Sanscrit by the author and G.V.Vaidya

From your hands' touch, O celestial one, this ball fired  
with great affection,  
And as if begging for leave to flirt with you falls first  
at your feet;  
And taking your side-glances for your consent to it,  
The ball now further tries to kiss your mouth.

First holding in her hand her dress become loose, her  
girdle dropping off,  
Then with her chin swung backwards, pressing over the  
shoulder, the skirt of her dress,  
This maiden, with tossed flowers in her hair, thick tresses  
dancing as she whirls about easily,  
With her whole body sweating, is playing at her sweet will  
with the ball.

Holding the ball in her hand which looked grimy like the moon,  
overpowered by her face's beauty,  
Slightly inclined her head through bashfulness and curiosity:  
Who is it, she has made the receiver, of those long side--  
glances?  
Springing from eyes vieing with blade of golden champak,  
---- tip darkened with black bee on it?

These sports of the doe-eyed, skirts dancing free, at  
each turn, braids disarranged,  
In which, every time the right hand is tossed, the bracelets  
make a great din;  
Panting, blurred words from lips; heads of hair shatter  
with ball thrown nimbly to hands of the other side,  
And garlands of flowers swing free ----  
---- Such sports of the deer-eyed, playing with a ball, give  
a lot of amusement.

Shanmasika\*

## THE PICKLE\*SLICER

The pickle-slicer went home to his wife  
And said "Darling, you know how all my life  
I worked at the lovely pickle-factory  
And brought you pickles, pungent and savoury."  
"Yes, dear," the wife said, "they came in handy  
The pickled cucumbers and ~~eggplants~~ egg-plants from Kandy;  
But I think a bicycle-pump would be handier,  
And darling, a Jap dildol would be dandier!"  
"Stop fooling, wife," said the pickle-slicer  
"They've gone and fired me today, the bloomin' geysers!"  
"WHAT!" said the wife, "you've worked there for twenty years  
You've never been late, and you've always cleaned yor ears,  
And what's more, returned the rounds of beers,  
Waht'n'erth'for did they do it, dear!"  
"Darling, you know the pickle-slicer, I work with  
All my life I've wondered what would happen if  
I put my WHAT-NOT in! Well today  
I went and did it, hooray! hooray!"  
"What, what," the wife cried, let me see IT  
Is it hurt, is it injured? Is it split?"  
Oh misery, show it to me, Butch,  
Why man, ~~it's magnificent~~ it's magnificent and  
~~it's whole~~ it's whole, /~~and not~~ a scratch!"  
"Tell me, what happened to the pickle-slicer?"  
"Oh, they fired her too, the bloomin' geysers."

CLAUDE DE VAUX MIEVILLE

XIX

POEM FOR CLAUDE

Lukie says: no Catholic

Bisnop, is quicker

And slicker

And thicker than you.

Ranghunath Chowdhury.



XX. TYPES OF KISSES

From " The Science of Love "

After embracing the beloved, according to the teachings of  
scholars,  
The lover should kiss her on the cheeks, eyes, lips and neck.

When the husband offers his lips to his wife, who is angry  
with him,

And she disdains to kiss him, but lightly brushes his lips  
with her own,

That is called the Restricted Kiss.

When the woman unites her lips with her lover's, he kissing her,  
And she through shyness is unanswering, with trembling lips,  
That is called the Kiss of Quivering Lips.

While the shy wife, with closed eyes, covers her husband's  
eyes with her hands

And kissed him, that is what is known as the Stirring Kiss.

While standing or sitting beside her, he takes her chin in her  
hands,

~~And the upper lip kisses: that is what the great poets call~~

And the lower lip kisses: that is what the great poets call  
the Kiss Indirect.

When the husband takes her lower lip between his lips,  
caresses it,

And she his upper lip, both suffused by love, and the kisses  
of each other,

The Cupping Kiss then it is called:

-- And if caressing with tongues,

Then it is called the Kiss of Mouth to Mouth.

And when the husband come home, after an absence of some time,  
Finds his sleeping wife alone in a secluded place, and gives  
her a sweet kiss,

By the great poets it is called the Awakening Kiss, and is  
the sweetest of all kisses.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Vatsyayana (1st Cent. A.D.)  
by the author.

## XXI RELIGIOUS SONGS

## (a) NAUTCH GIRLS' SONGS

The love of Radha for Krishna is the most popular cult in India. The physical aspect of love in it is endowed with all the enduring qualities of the spiritual, and has nothing in common with the Ars Amatoria of Europe. In the Gita Govinda of Saint Jayadeva who ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> the object of pilgrimages to Kenduli in India, for example, ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> the symbol of the soul in confusion/ in the incoherence of the manifold, and Radha of spiritual bliss and ~~at~~ absolute unity. The Hindu does not separate sex from religion, but endows it with a spiritual significance.

In the songs of the temple-dancers or deva-dasis the singer typifies the human soul that longs for spiritual bliss. The ~~xxx~~ following deva-dasi song is by Kshetranya whose compositions are classics. His songs, ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> the most popular in South India, and were sung and acted by dancing girls.

1.

My heart's friend, will you tell me who this mischief-making youngster is?

As I lay in bed he came to me, and with his bow, shot me with a shower of softest flowers,

And so the unrest in my heart!

The young fellow boldly crashed into the house in broad daylight,

Held me very tight for a moment only,

Bit my lip, and ran off with the speed of an arrow.

My heart's friend, does he think I'm his for life?

He came and I could not resist his great commanding voice,

And he set my heart floating on the honey stream of his words.

With his amorous kiss he burnt my lips,

And left me utterly alone, and unfulfilled.

Is it nothing more than his butter-stealing\* boyishness?

Or does he think I'm like easy sheperdesses\*\* he ill-uses to his heart's content?

\* As a boy Lord Krishna was full of pranks and once broke the pots of milk and curds and ate the butter.

\*\* All the shepherdesses loved Krishna, and he dispensed his fav freely. According to the Bhagavata Purana he had 16,000 and more wives.

2.

O Love, I have dyed myself in the tints of the Mountain-Lifer's\*love,  
And dipped my bodice in the five colours, for I am going to the dance;  
There in the dance, the dance, my Master will meet me, doffing his mask-  
The moon will perish, the sun will perish; and so will perish the  
earth and the sky;

Wind and water will also perish; the Indestructible be unchanged.  
Of constant devotion make you a lamp, placing the wick of the mind  
in it;

From the ~~xxx~~ bazaars of love bring oil, and it will burn both day and  
night.

To those whose darlings are in far places, the dear ones post letters:  
But my Darling lives in my heart, and I neither arrive or depart.  
Having ~~winded~~ ~~wined~~ my friends are drunk, but I am drunk day and night.  
I live no more with my husband's mother or my own,  
-- The true Teacher's word is now my faithful companion.

O this house belongs neither to You or me:  
For Mira\*\* has dyed herself in the love of Hari!\*\*\*

3.

Stabbed is my heart  
With the dagger of love, of love, ~~of love~~  
I had gone to draw water  
From the river Jumna,  
On my head  
The gold pitcher.  
Hari\*\*\* bound me with a slender  
Thread;

---

\*Krishna lifted the mountain Govardhana  
\*\* The poetess herself.  
\*\*\* Krihna Another name for Lord Krishna.

I go wither he pulls me by the string.

O Mira's Lord, Giridhar Nagar,\*

So beautiful is your dark face!

4.

Ever since my eyes saw the darling of Nanda,\* O mother,

This world, and the further world, have lost their charms for me.

On his head a peacock crown glints like the moonlight,

And charms the lodgers of these worlds, with the saffron spot on  
his forehead.

His cheeks shine with the the glinting of his ear-rings;

His eyebrows are curved; and there is the mark on his brow.

In his eyes is a spell which makes the wag-tail, the black bee,

The fishes, and the young deer, all forget themselves.

Shapely is his nose, and his neck with three lines on it;

In the role of a miming actor, he looks so beautiful.

Red like the bimba fruit are his lips, eyes red as morning,

His laughter is so soft and melodious,

-- And his teeth of pomegranate flash like lightning.

Trinkets make a belt for his waist

And tinkle melodiously.

O to each single limb of the Mover of the Mountain Govardhana

Mirabai gives herself as offering!

Translated from the Hindi of Princess Mirabai (c.1516)  
by the author.

\*Refers to Lord Krishna lifting Mountain Govardhana.  
\*Second asterisk) the cowherd by whom Lord Krishna was brought up.

(c) SONGS TO KRISHNA (Contemporary)

Love,

I am more a-quiver than the plantain leaf;  
Love has made me more liquid than the gently flowing  
Water of a stream,

O player on the flute!\*

Your notes move, pine-scented, as the mountain-breeze,  
And my heart-beats, changing ever, hark to those heart-beats  
With all their concentrated force.

Love-lost,

Your anguished sigh or its echo

Electrifies my hair,

As on a full-moon night,

The sea-tide calls to kiss it. w/

Tr. from the Hindi of Dineshbandini Dalmia by the author.

\* Krishna. He is mostly represented playing the flute.



1

You are delicate like a pink cowrie that the flower hands of the  
ocean have deposited on the shore

And I am afraid to touch you with my passion lest you crumple like  
an earthenware pitcher under the wheels of the juggernaut  
in which Our Lord visits the bazaar

So let me hold you in my hand my Naya like a heap of pomegranate  
seeds that I am reluctant to eat because they are beautiful  
to look at

And let me twine around you like the flame of a giant creeper  
that clings in a delirium of happiness to the bosom of a tree  
in the jungle

For I want to have you Naya, delicately in my blood, like the  
spices that breathe impalpably in the Moorman's muscat and  
his sherbet wine

And I want to breathe and throb and live and die with you in  
a loneliness

For you are the dark oil within the bowl and I the wick

And how shall I ever burn without you?

Tambimuttu, Ceylon, 1936

2

Can you hear my heart beating at your window Naya?

You say it is only the monsoon rain

Did you not know I was the wind and the clouds and beetle\*black  
darkness

Before I was born?

Can you hear the murmur of water slipping among the peacock  
reeds my Naya?

Do not tell me it is only the stream

For I was a sun-kissed stream in the mountains before you  
were born

And I know it is my love ~~that is deep~~ that is deep.

Can you feel my lips on your lotus feet my Naya?

I was also the dew in the grass

And when you sleep among the hot-mingling grain and the sun-spurts

Remember, you are resting on my heart

Tambimuttu, Ceylon, 1936

3

Your face was golden like the tea-blossom my Naya that moon-  
burned night we lay beside the canna bed behind the white-  
man's stately park

And we ~~Whispered~~ our first love to each other ~~xxxxx~~ very  
softly, like two winds straying into a corn-fied hand  
in hand and shaking the rice-ear-anklets to an ecstasy

And when I felt your wet lips cling to mine with the dense  
passion that is born of holy love, I looked up to see your  
face that was golden like the tea-blossom

And all I saw was a mysterious waste of darkness with two  
still-watered pokunas\* that were your eyes

And now that you are absent from my arms and the moon is  
resting on the palm, a bright-veined rose-petal on  
unflowing water

My heart is cracking like a dry stick ~~beneath~~ the weight of  
this loneliness too lonesome to bear because it is the  
loneliness beloved

For you

Tambimuttu, Ceylon, 1936

\* Pools of water

4

Reposeful cow-bells are tinkling like stars where soft-folded  
ground is a quietness of spurling grass

And a violet ring-dove in the brave-fingered palmyrah coo/s  
of the yearning that is born in things of the earth for  
each other as the lips of the sunset stain the hills  
and the sea

So steal into my heart my Naya with the surge of the conch  
that the holy Brahman is blowing to to our many-handed  
God in the darkness of the temple

Steal like the brave-timid wind stealing into the bosom of  
the jasmin beds or a secret snake into the darkness of  
a soft-fleshed mystery

Tambinuttu, Ceylon, 1936



16 A

J. MacLaren Ross' ~~book~~ short story about me (~~which~~~~the~~~~odd~~~~Mr~~~~Todd~~~~as~~~~a~~~~shorter~~~~short~~~~story~~~~xx~~

~~xxxxxx~~ from which the Odd Mr Todd, as a shorter short ~~story~~.

I called Ruthven Todd, extracted ~~xxxxxx~~ story about me ~~xxxxxx~~ for the FITZROVIA and the Road to the YORK MINSTER, An exhibition at The Parkin Gallery, ~~xx~~ 1973 most beautifully and expensively ~~xxxxxx~~ produced brochure, ~~xxx~~ (printed The John Roberts Press, London, on fine ~~Basingwexxxx~~ Basingwerk parchment, the very same paper I used

for the first number of Poetry London and published by Michael Parkin

Fine Art Limited

in which, and in Punch, he says I claimed to be a Prince of Ceylon

Julian

Tambimuttu and the Progress of Poetry London

J. MacLaren Ross' short story about ~~xxxx~~ me in his Memoirs of the Forties

(from ~~xxxx~~ which the Odd Mr Todd, as I called Ruthven Todd, extracted a shorter

short story about me based on actual fact since I had done it to the

Wilde J.M. Ross having transmogrified it ~~xx~~ - painter Gerald/ ~~xxx~~ in high fun one night at The wheatsheaf, ~~xxxxxx~~

~~xxxxxx~~ Gerald and I had

high jinks every night throughout the war on the plentiful money provided

are for me by the generous Messrs Nicholson and Watson - if we ~~xxxx~~ to believe

~~Ruthven~~ Rivvy <sup>or R. MacLaren Ross</sup> I mean, this passing ~~xxxxxx~~ the hat around for ~~xxxxxx~~

good old Gerald every ~~night~~ ~~xxxxxx~~ night - ~~xxxxxx~~ promised in his not to cheat by stealing from others who have looked at the site from ~~ignarant~~ article - ~~he~~ <sup>Rivvy was</sup> never a denizen of Fitzrovia preferring

to hide in other people's offices like Grigson's, John Lehmann's,

Cyril Connolly's and mine/ or sheltering under the wings of my dear friend

in his jolly old hole The Eargyle Club, the Hon. David Tennant/ while casting a wicked eye on his wife, the

Betty Tennyson-Jesse, present Marchioness of Bath and my secretary/ as he confesses in this

same article) had the old Royal circles <sup>in Ceylon</sup> a flutter (the Sinhalese are

Dravidians too, like me, not Aryans which only means noble/ which I am

through ~~xxxxxx~~ our motto Raja Madavaliyar Arya Kulathar/ whence

Sinhalese names like Senanayake and Bandaranake/ <sup>ya</sup> Nayak/ ~~xxxxxx~~ they

are ~~xxxxxx~~ of the Nayak-caste/ <sup>are</sup>

offspring of a Brahmin and a lower caste lady - Tony Dickson has been <sup>xxxxxx</sup>

working on both Noemi's as well my my genology/ ~~xxxx~~ to ~~xxxx~~ show we are <sup>xxxxxx</sup>

related, the theme of my novel Noemi, the same two people/ <sup>the ten</sup> centuries

(55)

There was a chap called Claude Miéville  
Who was always after Lys Dunlap's navel;  
Then he met a girl with beautiful Anne Winters,  
But he plonked for the youlas attached to pepperminters.

Rangunath Chowdhury.



XXIII WOMAN'S SONG

## SEPARATION

xxxxx(Poems of separation were popular with Sanscrit poets.)

I did not put the garland round his neck  
Who was afraid of being kissed;  
Now between us, alas, have intervened,  
Mountains, rivers and trees.

The moon's sphere seems the bulb of a poison plant,  
The Spring an elephant, trampling the compassionate lotus;  
Like Cupid's dagger seems the Night to me.  
What is there yet for the Maker to do?

How much of moonlight can chakora\* birds drink?  
Why were not elephants given this task by the Maker?  
If they filled their trunks with the moonlight  
The moon would have lost its light, entirely.

Arrows wedged in a vital part of the body  
Are extractable with the aid of a magnet;  
But when man enters the heart of a woman  
No help is there ~~in-chance~~ for driving him out.

two people *in this century*  
 ago being the same ~~through~~ Darwinian change of genes *in this*  
 shown ~~characterization~~ *practical change in the characters*  
 century, to be ~~xxx~~ by characterization of people throughout the  
~~throughout the~~ *in the 30 or 50 planned volumes,*  
 ten centuries, a massive undertaking!"

*Julian's*

And J.M. Ross' story caused a dashing skirmish in the pages of  
 the Government paper, The Ceylon Daily News among rival ~~xxx~~  
 scholars, who finally decided I was in their own words "the great  
 great, geeat, great, great, great, great grandson" ~~xx~~ of  
 Pararajasekharan VIII. Which proved of great interest to me in  
~~New York~~ *of New Directions* New York where they like such things and James Laughlin  
 told The New York Times to put down Prince Tambimuttu in the  
 obituary on Dylan Thomas but that was only because I had my first  
 name on my notepaper as Thurairajah as Ronald Bottrall from Rome  
~~testily~~ *from some* testily pointed out in his letter *reads* to the London Magazine  
 of February 1966. The first article ~~xxx~~ rather extrodinarli  
 like Genesis and I am reproducing it in facsimile, one of ~~eight~~ *ten*  
 articles on the subject in The Ceylon Daily News:

Have not the mangoes blossomed and Kankellis grown

bunches of flowers?

The Patashas reddened everywhere, as if with red lead flecked?

Have cuckoos quite forgotten to sing and south-wind to blow

Since there is no news from my carefree darling, from

where he is now?

Let the fat black bees fill the grass-lands with their

buzzing,

The wind of the sandal-forest, blow gently, O gently,

Drunken cuckoos sing Panchamas (notes) from the mango-tree tops,

And ~~xxx~~ let my many lives (rebirths) hard as sapphire, pass

away quickly, quickly.

Let my body perish; the five elements \*\* of which it is

made return to their originals;

Yet O Lord of Creation, laying my head on your feet I ask

this of you today:

Make me the water of my husband's wells, the light in his

mirror,

The tent of his sky over the house, the earth of his paths,

the wind of his fan.

Tr. from the Sanscrit of Bilhana (11th Century)  
by the author and G.V.Vaidya

T H E E N D

\* See note on page

\*\* Earth, water, light, air and sky.



where he said, ~~Philip lived incorrectly~~, Philip lived. It was Patrick de Maré, currently a psychiatrist in Upper Harley Street, who answered the door bell. "Do come in, I am Philip's brother," he said and some years later <sup>confessed to</sup> ~~xxx~~ me that as I crouched by his gas fire on a brown poof he thought I was either God or the Devil. <sup>L</sup> It was in Pat's flat a few days later that I met Stephen Spender who contributed to the first number of Poetry London published exactly a year <sup>after my arrival in London</sup> ~~later~~ in January 1939, and the poet Gavin Ewart who ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> appointed Production Manager of the three publishing houses I had founded <sup>in Britain:</sup> Editions Poetry London, Mandeville Publications named after the Mandeville Hotel/where I entertained ~~writers~~ <sup>friends</sup> like T.S. Eliot, Wyndham Lewis Henry Moore ~~xx~~ and Lawrence Durrell, and William Campion named partly for the son of my new partner Richard March and for one of my secretaries Betty Campion Jesse whose name should survive in the annals of English Literature through her association with <sup>Keith Douglas, the most interesting</sup> ~~the most interesting~~ poet ~~xxxxxxx~~ to lose his life in ~~thaxtastxwaxx~~ World War II.

producing his walking stick with a flourish. His house keys were attached to its crook with bootlace and a sheaf of poems were neatly wrapped round the stem <sup>and</sup> held together with rubber bands. I recognized at a glance that the 'poems' were 'occasional' schoolboy scribblings, jottings in a schoolboy script, flagrantly romantic, and almost illiterate.

"What is that?" I asked, pointing to strips of red cloth he had wired into the lapel of his rust red overcoat which, balanced incongruously on top of a rusty bicycle, was a well known feature of Fitzrovia in those days. "It's the flaming torch I am carrying around the world." Below the 'torch' he sported a nut and bolt secured right through the coat's fabric. "It's the right nut <sup>explained,</sup> screwed in the right way," Redvers ~~declared~~. I was most surprised to hear that this first <sup>ever</sup> English Bohemian I had met, my introduction to Fitzrovia, was also a qualified solicitor who had inherited his father's law practice in the City. "You must leave your hotel at once and I'll find you a room in the Howland Street house where I live. And I'll introduce you to Philip O'Connor tomorrow. He is a real poet, you know. See you at noon at Madam Buhler's. She is Swiss and her son Robert Buhler is an up and coming painter of these parts."

I never met the Garbo-ish lady again or discovered who she was. In all probability she was the midnight stripper in The Blue Angel nightclub I had heard of, and Redvers seldom missed that ecstatic moment when, according to reports, everything came off. I was destined never to see that act since the club must have been shut down <sup>soon afterwards by</sup> ~~by~~ the police. ~~very soon afterwards.~~

The Post Office Tower has today erased the houses of Howland Street; and Madame Buhler's, where writers, editors and artists met over aromatic cups of Continental coffee in this <sup>cozy</sup> ~~tiny~~ annexe of the old Scala Theatre building, <sup>shining with brass,</sup> has similarly vanished.



I called at Madame Buhler's the next day for my appointment with Redvers and Philip O'Connor, and noticed a slouched, sandalled, and long-haired figure with intense eyes and pursed lips, who surveyed the place like a vinegary monarch, took one pipperry look around and then walked out as casually as he had sailed in. I correctly guessed he was the poet whose explosive ex-rational and poetic images, tinged by <sup>what Indians call</sup> rasa or poetic taste (literally, taste in the mouth) were already familiar to me in the literary periodicals of the time. His work was by no means as consistently good and needed careful editorial selection. And since Phil was consistently losing his typescript, some years later I used to pay his second wife, Maria, every time she brought some poems to my office in Manchester Square to add to the growing collection in my cupboard.

Redvers was sorry he was late, and suggested I called at 4, Fitzroy Street, where, he said, Philip often holed up. It was the Apollonian Patrick de Mare with an aureol of blond curly hair who is currently a psychiatrist and a French button accordionist of some distinction for relaxation in the cafes of Hampstead, according to recent newspaper reports, who answered the door bell. "Do come in, I am Philip's brother," he said and some months later confessed to me in 'The Country Pub' in Rathbone Place that as I crouched by his gas fire on a brown pouf he thought I was either the Devil or Something Else. This strange belief of Pat's, the son of the prominent Swedish timber merchant, Bror de Mare, the shadowy and legendary jarl or 'Earl' of the Scandinavian Society of Britain (the painter Sven Berlin



*dropped in*  
I called ~~at~~ <sup>PARA</sup> Madame Buhler's the next day for my appointment with Redvers and Philip O'Connor, and noticed a <sup>hunched-up,</sup> ~~slouched,~~ sandalled, and long-haired figure with intense eyes and pursed lips, <sup>his high cheek-bones rotating on his tense cobra neck,</sup> ~~who surveyed~~ the place like a vinegary monarch, took one <sup>his high cheek-bones rotating on his tense cobra neck,</sup> peppery look around and then walked out as casually as he had sailed in. I correctly guessed he was the poet whose explosive ~~ex-rational~~ and poetic images, tinged by <sup>what Indians call</sup> ~~rasa~~ or poetic taste (literally, taste in the mouth) were already familiar to me in the literary periodicals of the time. His <sup>poems were</sup> ~~work was~~ by no means as consistently <sup>well written</sup> ~~good~~ and needed careful editorial selection. And since Phil was consistently losing <sup>of</sup> his typescripts, some years later I used to pay his second wife, <sup>who is the Secy H of day,</sup> Maria ~~every~~ <sup>round</sup> time she brought some poems to my office in Manchester Square to add to the growing collection in my cupboard.

Redvers was sorry he was late, and suggested I called at <sup>the flat's occupant</sup> 4 Fitzroy Street, where, he said, Philip often holed up. It was the Apollonian Patrick de Mare with an aureole of blond curly hair who is currently a psychiatrist and a French button accordionist <sup>a cafe' in</sup> of some distinction ~~for relaxation in the cafes of Hampstead,~~ <sup>running</sup> ~~according to recent newspaper reports, who answered the door bell.~~ <sup>Girls thought it him, as they say, and some chap in the Fitzroy or those days with the path spending a close second.</sup>

"Do come in, I am Philip's brother," he said and some months later confessed to me in 'The Country Pub' in Rathbone Place that as I crouched by his gas fire on a brown pour he thought I was either the Devil or <sup>one</sup> Something Else. ~~[This strange belief of Pat's, the son of the prominent Swedish timber merchant, Bror de Mare, the shadowy and legendary jarl or 'Earl' of the Scandinavian Society of Britain (the painter Syen Berlin,~~



of which (the painter even Berlin



St. George's Hospital, Pat had decided to throw medicine to the winds to pursue a career as a button accordionist in the cafés of Paris - a truly romantic and Pat-like decision. He was upset over a girl called Nina and wished to flee as far away from her as possible. When Anthony Dickens, who subsequently founded Poetry London with me a few months later, brought me <sup>the news</sup> I promptly called on him from nearby Whitfield Street to extract a promise from him that he would do nothing of the kind ~~and~~ but would continue with his studies at St. George's. But, then, Tony's angry block burst into my room later that afternoon like a fighting bull with a <sup>like punctuation marks in his sentences</sup> startling fire in his grey-blue eyes which he sports even today when he gets excited over some topic in our conversation, or after a brilliant musical performance, flushed and excited in <sup>fingers flying into the air or thrusting back the strands of</sup> characteristic Tony fashion, "Pat is packing his books for Messrs Foyle's. The chap is leaving," he ~~shouted~~.

fingers flying into the air or thrusting back the soft gold strands of his fine hair: "The chap is leaving," he shouted. "He is packing his books for Messrs. Foyle's." I hurried back to 4 Fitzroy Street, <sup>once more again</sup> and as I refurbished ~~xxxx~~ <sup>his empty</sup> bookshelves ~~again~~ <sup>just</sup> from his open suitcases, Pat <sup>had sat there</sup> ~~sat~~ dumbfounded on that very same brown pouf by the gas fire I <sup>had occupied</sup> ~~was occupying~~ for the first time, on my first visit. He did not utter one sound during my entire bizarre performance. "You promised to stay," I explained, and grabbing Nina by her arm literally dragged her down the narrow stairs and pavement to the more <sup>spacious</sup> ~~entrance~~ <sup>entrance</sup> to 8 Fitzroy Street two houses away. Nina was a rather unattractive, <sup>and dumpy</sup> ~~xxxxxxxx~~ bespectacled, frowsy-haired and vociferous/Continental - our <sup>friend</sup> ~~xxxxxxxx~~ <sup>about Nina and Pat -</sup> ~~xxxx~~ <sup>Circle</sup> ~~xxxx~~ always wondered <sup>most</sup> ~~what she had for Pat that other girls hadn't~~ - and she was being <sup>men</sup> ~~very~~ argumentative. ~~xxxx~~ "You must think of what's best for Pat," I kept repeating <sup>manoeuvring</sup> her past the <sup>narrow, ascending</sup> ~~stairs~~ which led to the first floor back studio where Duncan Grant lived with Vanessa Bell. <sup>I had to keep the peace in that house when we had many a late night gathering of poets & writers.</sup> I had a key to the old James McNeill Whistler <sup>front</sup> ~~studio in front~~ from the poet and painter Benny Beaumont (Count Rakozzi) who ~~lived in~~

*Manoeuvring*

(follow up of p. 39 of previous typing)

~~28A~~ 40

more a high and life of one to another, not at all like I

I slipped in for fifteen minutes, or more, depending on the state of my inebriation and the availability of ~~valuable~~<sup>precious</sup> drinking hours, by slipping half a crown (about 15p. today) to the ushers who knew me well and ~~stand behind~~<sup>stood behind</sup> the last row of seats, or ~~sat~~<sup>sat</sup> in the front row, as I pleased. Once Constance was bowing to his audience, to their applause, head bobbing up and down, and I told Stewart Scott, my buddy of the times, "Dear, old Constant is ~~acknowledging our presence~~<sup>bowing to us</sup>," it was part of the music, part of the ballet, part of our entry. (I did not of course know ~~dear~~<sup>nowadays</sup> dear, old Constant, but I drink with his exquisite china-doll wife, Camilla, who was a ballerina, round the locals of my current Cornwall Gardens residence in Kensington). ~~And that~~<sup>nowadays</sup> night they performed my friend Edith Sitwell's Façade (she once threw one of her famous Sesame Club tea parties for me) I pretended to be an ~~Indian~~<sup>Indian</sup>



an Indian ignoramus, and in loud tones in the bar, so everybody could hear, kept on repeating, "to Stewart Scott shaking my dingley-dell head." "My, Stew I while keeping them all in view."

I loved that fukaid, "~~x~~~~xxxxx~~~~x~~" hitched to the corners or ~~LXXXXXXX~~ sewing machine eyes. A variation included operatic nights, hip-flask in pockets at the Cambridge Theatre ~~fxxxxxxx~~ to hear the lady for whom the theatre had been built at Seven Dials junction for St. Martin's Lane by the rich man whose wife she was and who had made themselves an extraordinary bed in the large shape of a swan.

I liked going there ~~x~~~~xxxxxx~~~~x~~ wonder what it floated on. I liked best going there when the ballet was on in the company of the Australian lady who manged his money for him since I could meet them in the living flesh: Chauvire, Renée Jeanmaire, Lelie Caron, a thoughtful thing to do since I liked the gamine Caron and called her with my wife Salla when we were in Hollywood and they took very nice pictures of us and George Murphy, President of the Motion-Picture-Actors Union (How a Senator) for us to send home to prove we had met the Caron, as well as George Otto Preminger. With his bald and lovely head

Star of  
Broadway  
Follies,

<sup>Soon</sup>  
/ my Country Pub ~~soon~~ got even more crowded than the Fitzroy and  
and The Wheatsheaf. And it was time for us to move on/ again.

Years after the end of the War, I was walking down Rathbone Place one evening towards The Wheatsheaf and in front of me there were a young couple. And I heard the young man tell his girl friend, "Come on, Marv, Let us go to The Country Pub for a drink." It was a circle ~~some years earlier. Truly life is truly cyclic.~~ round the inner circle I had drawn. ~~Truly life is Cyclical, as Tambinattu told us in wartime London.~~ Truly life is Cyclic, as Tambinattu

I hope it is understood from this article that Fitzrovia had no topographical or geographical boundaries. Stewart ~~xxxx~~ Scott, who was discharged from the regular Indian Army after being reduced to Private from the rank of Captain for having danced girls in his bungalow and/or for plotting <sup>worse,</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to escape to Tibet</sup> with two brother officers (the other two got away) <sup>turn up</sup> used to travel down by taxi every day from Hampstead, Highgate, <sup>or in the very early morning</sup> Hammersmith, wherever he happened to be for breakfast with us in a cafe in Charing Cross Road. This was during my 8. New Row period <sup>almost daily</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>et cetera</sup> among the night-time pee puddles. when I ran into Laurence Olivier ~~xxxx~~ down the ~~xxxx~~ ally that <sup>pee</sup> connects St Martin's Lane with Charing Cross, among the night-time ~~pee~~ puddles. ~~Road.~~ The Cylonese William Saroyan admired by E.M. Forster as well as Harold Acton with his wine-red scarf and Buddha face, dream man of our pretty girls <sup>and men,</sup> a barrister <sup>from Lincoln's Inn</sup> who cruised <sup>on my way to</sup> meet ~~Stewart~~ <sup>Stewart</sup> ~~inter alia.~~



into the harbour of every pub like a velvet pussy cat luxury liner with all her lights on, regular as clockwork round the pubcrawl, by which <sup>habit</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>my friend</sup> was trapped by me since he did not keep appointments with/P.Saravanamuttu, Tea Commissioner <sup>of</sup> ~~from~~ Ceylon, his father's emissary, the father writing to me please send my son home, ~~I was~~ <sup>was my friend,</sup> a ~~friend of~~ your grandfather, his doctor fiancée arriving with her doctor husband and crying right in front of my eyes, I sleeping ~~at~~ across the door of the bedroom where ~~his~~ he spent his last night with the utterly beautiful Katharine from Scotland with auburn hair, seeing him into the cousins' car <sup>before I left for my office</sup> to his doom in Ceylon, before I left for my office, Subra dashing down from Jaffna to Colombo on my arrival in 1950, "you sent me down here, now <sup>please</sup> ~~take~~ <sup>your</sup> me back," Subra or the Beautiful Face with ~~his~~ raven looks and Buddha's eyes, ~~xxx~~ gentle manners, drinking yourself <sup>in the Arizona Bar in Jaffna</sup> to death on poison arrack, which <sup>also</sup> killed my elder brother in New York, at least I brought you a bottle of whiskey <sup>ever find you with this</sup> to atone, and my uncle Ratna couldn't ~~find~~ you until I told him about the Arizona Bar, I know now why my letters from America were ignored by your ~~ix~~ relatives,

Redvers was the <sup>shine</sup> ~~gloss~~ and Subra the substance of Fitzrovia. ~~Exdambtxwhetixerexxxkx~~ There would never have been a real Fitzrovia without Subra, Stewart Scott, Gerald Wilde, Alan Ross, David Wright, John Heath-Stubbs, Dylan Thomas, Julius Horwitz, Russell Croft, the Hon. David Tennant, Boris Watson, Harry <sup>LOHMER</sup> ~~Loxex~~, Hermione Baddeley, Pauline Tennant, Omar Ali Chowdry, Haruvu, Mushrif Haq, Joan Wyndham, Mary Hunt, Nanos and Anne Valaoritis, Lucian Freud, Johnny Craxton, Harold Musson, <sup>Betty Pasonka</sup> Osbert Moore, Bim Warth, Andrea Cambas, Roy Campbell, George and Paddy Fraser, Erik de Mauny, Augustus John, <sup>and Brenda</sup> Kathleen Raine, Cyril Connolly, John Lehmann, Peter Watson, <sup>Sir Napier Dean - Paul</sup> Sonia Brownell, George Orwell, <sup>Paula + Larry Lawrence then - I am sure of Peter</sup> Bernard and Nora Spencer, Bernard and Ines Burroughs, Michael <sup>Red</sup> Cacoyannis, Lawrence Durrell, Nina Hamnett, <sup>Wm. Gaudin</sup> Tony Dickins, Ironfoot Jack, <sup>BCHY</sup> Aleister Crowley, John Symonds, Keidrych Rhys, Lys Lubbock, T.S.Eliot (in the Bull in the Mouth in Bloomsbury way, <sup>only I knew</sup> D. Wyndham Lewis, Henry Moore, Graham Sutherland, Robert <sup>MacBryde</sup>, Robert Colquhoun, John Minton, Hector Whistler, Benny Beaumont, Pat de Mare, Eric de Mare, <sup>Betty de Mare</sup> ~~Eric de Mare~~, Louis MacNeice, William and Hetta Empson, <sup>Kurtis W. Mervyn Jones - Evans</sup> Biddy Crozier, David Gascoyne, Sylvia Gogh, Prince Monolulu, <sup>Michael Nelson</sup> Biddy Crozier, Brian Howard, Virginia Tennant, Rosemary Strachey, Paul Potss, Jean Hoare, Philip O'Connor, Hugh Gordon Forteus, <sup>Betty de Mare</sup> Rayner Heppenstall, Terence Tiller, Reggie Smith, Michael Swan, Olivia Manning, Anna Wykeham, J. MacLaren Ross



J, MacLaren Ross (Cyril Connolly had asked me show his young contributor <sup>from</sup> ~~round~~ just arrived France round London. I took him on a sample ~~pubcrawl~~ <sup>and when he expressed dissatisfaction</sup> and told him he would get ~~Soho~~ <sup>and</sup> itis and stick there for ~~the next six weeks~~ <sup>for a long time</sup>, which he did), Matthew Smith, David Jones, Harry Jonas, Mr ~~Mendelsohn~~ Mendelsohn (Dinora's father), Oliver Simon, Stephen Fothergill, Frances Scanlon, Jacqueline Stanley, Laurence Clark, Charles Hamblett, Jankel Adler, <sup>Cosie, the artist of the Mandrake Club,</sup> Sven Berlin, George Barker, David Gascoyne, ~~Charles~~ Charles Wrey Gardiner, Fred Marnau, Nicholas Moore, John Gawsorth, ~~Sir John~~ <sup>Costie, the artist of the Mandrake Club,</sup> ~~Eller~~, Julius Horwitz, Charles Blackburn, Dickie Buckle, Reginald Moore, Elizabeth Berridge, Philip ~~Tybee~~, Woodrow Wyatt, John Roberts, Ralph Kean, Donald Taylor, Basil Wright, Len Lye, Helen <sup>Clay</sup> Hughes, Maria O'Connor, Adam Zion Margoshes, <sup>Capt. Billy Williams,</sup> ~~Clay~~ Freud, Paul Hamlyn, Andre Deutsch, Peter Owen, Sir Kenneth Clark, John Rothenstein, Dorian Cooke, Bim Warth, <sup>Victor</sup> Berlemont, <sup>Signor</sup> Bertorelli, the Duke of Windsor, Epstein, Poggioli, Madame Buhler, Robert Buhler, Alfred Zwemmer, Kitty Epstein, ~~Anna~~ <sup>Virginia Tennant</sup> Seurat, Patsy Ledward, Count <sup>Chen Duchess of Bath</sup> Fotocki de Montalk, John Strachey, Betty Jesse, ~~Halifax~~ Berthold Wolpe, <sup>The Earl of Essex</sup> ~~Anthony~~ <sup>Anthony</sup> Froshaugh, Elizabeth Ormsby-Gore, Audrey Feliks Topolski, Beecham, Billy Harem, Oswell Blakeston, Julian Trevelyan, ~~Helen~~ Ursula Darwin, Mary Fedden, Anna Wykeham, Margaret Croland, Margaret Webb, Ram Gopal, Minette de Silva, Laurence Olivier, Bobby ~~Hipmann~~ <sup>Billy Walton, Ben Barakat</sup>, Margot Fonteyn, <sup>Francis</sup> Bacon, Rex Whistler, Duncan Grant, Vanessa Bell, Roger Fry, R.O. Dunlop, Godfrey and Dorothy Phillips, Ewan Phillips, Michael Meyer, Dick Meyer, J.C. Hall, <sup>Love Westbury</sup> Betty May, Alan Rook, Francis Scarfe, Julian Symons, Benjamin Britten, Ronald Duncan, Richard March, Ruthven Todd, Gavin Ewart, Gavin Maxwell, Veronica Haig, Francis Dunbar-Marshall, David Archer, Bob Pococock, Rayner and Margaret Heppenstall, Jimmy the Shit, Nina Forster, Tom Scott, Vera Swan, Mrs Schouterden, Pop, Virginia Fortescue, Derek Neame, ~~Edie~~ Grant, A.P. Herbert, E.M. Forster, Harold Acton, John Davenport, Margaret Morrison, Helen and John Irwin, Lynn and Ann Chadwick, Victor Musgrave, Ida Kar, John Vickers, Jacob Epstein, Stulik of Le Tour Eiffel Benjamin Britten, Erik and Agi de Mare, ~~Juan~~ Enid and Juan Stoll (son of Sir Oswald Stoll, theatre owner) Heinz Wolff, Michael Martin, ~~Conan~~ <sup>Sydon</sup> Nichols, Francis and Sylvia King, <sup>Lynette Roberts</sup> ~~Conan~~ who died in Jarina, ~~Ceylon~~ used to hold court at the Vienna Cafe of the Tottenham Court Road ~~Lynn~~ Lyons Corner House with J. MacLaren Ross and other friends after he had been to the public bath in the building opposite the theatre <sup>where Hais</sup> is now playing in Shafesbury Avenue. We gathered in the Gargoyle and Mandrake Clubs, Boris Watson's

*Veronica Haig, Benedicte Gore  
Baphista Galkat Smith and Quentin Bell.*

INSERT  
old 31B

31A 44

*like one word*

We were ~~xxxx~~ all together at that time in the ~~Fitzxxxxxxx~~ the  
Fitzrovia of my mind <sup>*quote from*</sup> ~~to~~ Paul Potts' words:

To break new ground

To take small weak dark seeds

Out from unfertile sand

Then to throw them proudly at the sun.....

.....

To sing on

Until the world is Blackpool

In August in the afternoon.



~~51~~ 45

nowadays

the Coffee An' humble predecessor to his bigger Mandrake Club  
that he ran with Harry Lowmex who is now an educator in international  
chess games. We met at Muriel's Colony Club, the Cafe Royal or The Plough  
in Museum Street. It was only an attitude of mind that to each  
generation in every country, and in different ways, but for me it happened in lovely  
Fitzrovia.

(An amazing, ~~xxx~~ lively old man today, ~~xx~~ one of the last surviving members of the ~~Bxxxx~~ Bloomsbury Group, who at the age of nearly ninety this year has designed a cover for my good friend Paul Roche's Enigma COVER OF ENIGMA VARIATIONS AND Variations And. ~~Paul who~~ reminds me of ~~the late figure of~~ the late Gavin Maxwell whose house in the island <sup>at</sup> of Cam<sup>y</sup>sfearna ~~caught~~ fire which he has described in The Ring of Bright Water, who injured his and soon leg in a motor smash/~~xxx~~ died because he couldn't run around ~~anywhere~~ like ~~xx~~ Minehhaha Running Water ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~do soon~~ after he had written to me about the accident. Paul's poems are unknown in England although he has records released ~~xxxxxx~~/and published several books and, ~~xxxxxx~~ strangely, his poetry is better known/in ~~xxxxxx~~ America. ~~Paulxxxxxx~~ Paul leaping into his roadster like a gazelle with the same face, smile <sup>ank</sup> athletic figure (I reproduce a drawing by Duncan Grant) <sup>reminds me of</sup> as Gavin Maxwell, dear Gavin.

---

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

DRAWING OF ROCHE BY DUNCAN GRANT

---

Paul Roche has tried his hand at several ~~stylesxxxxxx~~ vocabularies and the latest in Enigma Vix Variations And is :Paul~~xxxxxx~~ Pottisian:

To one spent  
On the streets  
Of empty alleluias

Which is Roche, of course ~~I~~. It is wonderful to come across the Pottisian ring again:

Phut phut phut a stripling Honda . . . . (copy from p. 16)

And the pizzicato on onn crickets (copy from p. 16)

~~Good~~ Good luck to the two Pauls, since you are both keeping your hand



(An amazing, lively old man today, one of the last surviving members of the Bloomsbury Group, who at the age of nearly ninety this year has designed a cover for my good friend Paul Roche's Enigma Variations And

---

COVER OF ENIGMA VARIATIONS AND

---

Paul reminds me of the late Gavin Maxwell whose house at Camusfearna (Gaelic for the Bay of the Willows) near Glenelg caught fire which he has described in The Ring of Bright Water, who injured his leg in a motor smash and soon died because he couldn't run around like Minnehaha Running Water anymore after he had written to me about the accident. Paul's poems are unknown in England although he has released records and published several books and, strangely, his poetry is better known and best reviewed in America. Paul leaping into his roadster like a gazelle with the same face, smile and athletic figure (I reproduce a drawing by Duncan Grant) reminds me of Gavin Maxwell, dear Gavin.

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Paul Roche has tried his hand at several vocabularies and the latest in Enigma Variations And is Paul Pottsonian:

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On the streets  
Of empty alleluias

which is Roche, of course. It is wonderful to come across

the Pottisian ring again:

Phut ~~The Poem as Sound Sword~~  
~~phut phut a stripping Honda~~  
And the pizzicato of noon crickets  
Turn into splinters of ice and glass  
Like the tongue-dart of a crushed lemon  
Or gush of sherbert in the mouth  
Like a pang or shriek  
Of ammonia in a sleepy nose...  
The poem is sword that opens words:  
Fruit lanced by the harsh beak  
Trembling ice on the pond torn  
Thought gashed by a word's sound  
As fig bursts with a garnet wound  
And images like butterflies  
Scatter on the trees and stones -  
Words opened in a dream  
Seams pierced, scents released  
Freshets of sun in a spilt breeze.

Good luck to the two Pauls, since you are both keeping  
your hand at it. Just ignore the critics since, as an  
Indian might say the poetry is in the eating (rasa or  
taste).



A

FITZROVIA an EXTRACT from Tambimuttu's Memoirs LIVING IS A MULTI-  
THING OR PEOPLE, Why don't You Take Your Clothes Off?

Notes for Fitzoria or The story



to know me, whence, I think, Shakuntala's request. Impressed not only by her speech but also her growth, I told a friend of mine about it whose only reaction was "We are all Americans and we are all searching for our roots all the time. But I don't think it was like that with my daughter who had seen her professor stepfather hand me over books from his furniture-moving, sweeping library in which there were some pretty funny things written about me like silly Michael Meyer's opening sentence in the World of George Orwell edited by Miriam Gross: "I first met George Orwell though that odd character Tambimuttu, the Singhalese editor of Poetry London. I had expressed admiration of Orwell's work, and Tambimuttu said 'Would you like to meet him? I'll tell him you'll be writing to him.'" Even more than most of Tambi's promises, this seemed unlikely to bear fruit." I have never made any promises to Michael who I knew very little being a friend of his elder brother Dick, who is a doctor with a fetching limp and Michael, the red-headed little boy who I heard had gone to Oxford, was editing Sidney Keyes' poems (surprise, so Dick's brother was going library) and then teaching in Stockholm, I think. Yes, it's a sweeping, colourful entrance, Michael (you must have had a lot of trouble figuring that one out) but you don't have to carry on the "Literary" stunt just because somewhere along the academic racket you landed the job of editing Sidney's poems from the late Sir Herbert Read, and Routledge's and you don't have to be dramatic and brilliant all the bloomin' time: what my daughter meant I think was defend yourself, break your monastic silence and indifference to the quirks and traits of others, WRITE both for you and for me.

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Notes for Fitzrovia

<sup>or</sup>  
The Story of how  
I transcended my  
sorrows and myself  
and came to know  
~~What~~ I truly

**WAS** by  
Franklin H. H.  
himself, editor of  
**POETRY LONDON**

to erase all false myths  
about himself



10 Days before Xmas Day

1974



FITZORIA an EXTRACT from Tambimuttu's Memoirs LIVING IS A MULTI-STORIED THING or PEOPLE, Why Don't You Take Your Clothes Off?

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Would'st thou the young years blossoms and the fruits of  
its decline and all by which the soul is charmed, enrapt-  
tured, feasted, fed, Would'st thou the Earth and Heaven  
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Goethe, Tr. by Rabindranath Tagore)

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FITZROVIA an Extract from Tambimuttu's Memoirs LIVING IS A MULTI-STORIED THING  
 OR ~~It~~ or People, Why Don't You Take Your Clothes Off?

Notes for  
 FITZROVIA  
 or  
 The story ???  
 I had  
 I translated  
 in 45 minutes  
 and came to  
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 I really was  
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-----Initial Letter (Insert B) OVER

Shoulder Caption for initial letter in left margin

Title-Page of Notebook was for Memoirs

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 moon & heaven, the earth & Goethe's protagonists, the different schools  
 (whence he is the better dramatist) - I was taught different schools  
 than Shakespeare which the young of today will find a 'cool' statement to make,  
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Would'st thou the young years blossoms & the fruits of its decline  
 and all by which the soul is charmed, enraptured, feasted, ~~rejoiced~~ combine  
 Would'st thou the Earth and Heaven itself in one sole Name Combine  
 I name thee, O Shakuntala! & all at once is said.

GOETHE'S TRAGEDY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Goethe, Tr. by Rabindranath Tagore)

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day book- I added the name of my new partner Richard March as a co-editor to encourage him in his literary career, ~~another~~ <sup>another</sup> notorious example <sup>of</sup> my generosity, since he had given my English wife, Jacqueline Stanley, £10 to buy <sup>me</sup> new clothes, ~~with~~ after I had torn up all mine and ~~cut~~ <sup>cut</sup> up her hats which I buried in my Marchmont Street garden near Russell Square) fired what Anthony Thwaite calls my "manic generosity" and I am going to give Ann ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> Barr more than she bargained for <sup>for</sup> her editorial scissors, rubbers and red pencil.



W She had been separated from me from the age of 8 months &, although I see her once at least on my annual trips to the States (we belong to 2 different states: I am a New Yorker, & she lives in Massachusetts), she has had to depend on distorted hearsay and circus-clown rumour -- with the J. MacLaren Ross' tragic Pagliacci figure looming in the ante-room of my mind, of those days, in the ol' Wheatsheaf in Rathbone Place, carrying his stick with the well-polished silver knob, beating the blues of blackouts and poverty with his nifty, highly entertaining, miniscule script, & the plots for most stories provided for him by a plottopedia, an enormous tome called Plotto, which Julian told me as one Fitzrovian to another capsuled every possible type of plot and variations one could think of -- & our infrequent correspondence to get to know me, whence, I think, Shakuntala's request. Impressed not only by her speech but also ger growth, I told a friend of mine about it whose only reaction was "We are all Americans & we are all searching for our roots all the time. But I don't think it was like that with my daughter who had seen her professor stepfather hand me over



leaf, of Poetry, the multifoliate tree," which "apoptoma, to use Anthony Thwaite's pin-striped officialese is "vapid or inflated" whereas Lawrence Durrell has quoted it often in ~~his~~ his writing including his "Tambimuttu beating his big Ceylonese drum in London," which sounds O.K. to me because it is a FACT, repeating the same truisms over and over again &, because life is cyclic having completed ~~the circle~~ the circle, I have returned to London to repeat the gyrations again with POETRY LONDON NEW SERIES, another circle, from my new office in ~~Sixth Avenue~~ in Bloomsbury Way, a stone's throw away from my first real office in Craven House, Kingsway where Kathleen Raine used to work with me. I am glad since it short-circuits the pullulation of Poetry London - Ceylon - Bombay - New York to Nowhere a non-circle which would be against the laws of Nature; ~~and~~ &, ~~was~~ I <sup>was</sup> pleased to see new circles, pretty rings of brightness floating in the landscape to dispel ordinaryness as I had advised everybody <sup>to strive for,</sup> in my poetry magazine! In my time we only had Poetry Ireland, Poetry New York and Poetry Scotland which was dedicated to me since "I was a discriminatin artist and friend of so many of the Scottish poets along with the only art magazine of the period beside the commercial ones, Counterpoint, also handsomely dedicated to me from Oxford <sup>by Conrad Sanar</sup> chiefly because I had befriended the impecunious artist <sup>"Wild Gerald"</sup> (Gerald Wilde) whom I am supposed to have locked up daily upstairs in my duplex in Gloucester Walk, Kensington High Street, until he produced some paintings which is fair enough -- although I never locked up Gerald -- since that's what he was there for, at his own request. J. MacLaren-Ross has telescoped two different situations I described to him into one. The first was Gerald's. I left him half a crown a day for lunch in the hope he would lunch downstairs in Esther's night-club and cafe <sup>I returned from the office &</sup> and not sneak out to the pubs before/ ~~I~~ accompanied on our nightly pubcrawls by which time I hoped he would have some paintins ready to take to Sir Kenneth Clark, Peter Watson, Eric Gregory ~~and~~ <sup>&</sup> other friends ~~and~~ <sup>&</sup> very often I was not disappointed. <sup>paintings</sup> The only trouble was that when Gerald sold some/ the money vanished overnight in some disaster, or accident, or he simply threw it away. Gerald needed looking after ~~and~~ <sup>&</sup> having things arranged for him. There was the day I had sent him to show the present Lord Clark a selection of the weeks work. Lord Clark paid him £100, the highest I have known him to get from anybody at any one time. Gerald promptly called on Erika and ~~the~~ Stewart Scott who had been lent Julian Trevelyan's studio at Durham Wharf, Hammersmith. They had a jolly old carouse at The Black Horse (Julian's and Sir A.P. Herbert's stamping ground) and The Swan,



leaf, of Poetry, the multifoliate tree," which "apopthgm, to use Anthony Thwaite's pin-striped officialese is "vapid or inflated" whereas Lawrence Durrell has quoted it often in ~~his~~ his writing including his "Tambimuttu beating his big Ceylonese drum in London," which sounds O.K. to me because it is a FACT, repeating the same truisms over and over again &, because life is cyclic having completed ~~the circle~~ the circle, I have returned to London to repeat the gyrations again with POETRY LONDON NEW SERIES~~S~~, another circle, from my new office in ~~Sixth Avenue~~ in Bloomsbury Way, a stone's throw away from my first real office in Craven House, Kingsway where Kathleen Raine used to work with me. I am glad since it short-circuits the pullulation of Poetry London - Ceylon - Bombay - New York to Nowhere a non-circle which would be against the laws of Nature; ~~and~~ &, ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> I <sup>pleased</sup> to see new circles, pretty rings of brightness floating in the landscape to dispel ordinaryness as I had advised everybody <sup>to strive for</sup> in my poetry magazine! In my time we only had Poetry Ireland, Poetry New York and Poetry Scotland which was dedicated to me since "I was a discriminating artist and friend of so many of the Scottish poets along with the only art magazine of the period beside the commercial ones, Counterpoint, also handsomely dedicated to me <sup>by Conrad Sanat</sup> from Oxford <sup>"Wild Gerald"</sup> chiefly because I had befriended the impecunious artist (Gerald Wilde) whom I am supposed to have locked up daily upstairs in my duplex in Gloucester Walk, Kensington High Street, until he produced some paintings which is fair enough -- although I never locked up Gerald -- since that's what he was there for, at his own request. J. MacLaren-Ross has telescoped two different situations I described to him into one. The first was Gerald's. I left him half a crown a day for lunch in the hope he would lunch downstairs in Esther's night-club and café and I returned from the office & not sneak out to the pubs before/ I accompanied on our nightly pubcrawls by which time I hoped he would have some paintings ready to take to Sir Kenneth Clark, Peter Watson, Eric Gregory <sup>&</sup> and other friends <sup>&</sup> very often I was not disappointed. The only trouble was that when Gerald sold some <sup>paintings</sup> the money vanished overnight in some disaster, or accident, or he simply threw it away. Gerald needed looking after and having things arranged for him. There was the day I had sent him to show the present Lord Clark a selection of the weeks work. Lord Clark paid him £100, the highest I have known him to get from anybody at any one time. Gerald promptly called on Erika and ~~the~~ Stewart Scott who had been lent Julian Trevelyan's studio at Durham Wharf, Hammersmith. They had a jolly old carouse at The Black Horse (Julian's and Sir A.P. Herbert's stamping ground) and The Swan,



and after  
 after/dinner Gerald disappeared into the blackout. Next morning  
 him ~~fast asleep~~ fast asleep in the square garden walled garden  
 overlooking the Thames where Julian and his/wife Ursula Darwin Race  
 Trevelyan, granddaughter of Charles, had their famous Boat parties.  
 What remained of Gerald's £100 was in  
 every part of the garden, scattered by the high wind. Stew and I  
 kept Julian supplied with/all of Gerald's exploits/exploits, but, in  
 this instance, he has telescoped Gerald's artistic high state into that  
 of a painter-poet friend of mine called Margaret Hurd. The night before  
 Larry Durrell sailed for Greece I had introduced her to him. Get her to  
 keep her hand at it. I told Larry, get her to paint or to write. They  
 had talked of setting off to Greece together and soon I heard rumours  
 that Larry locked her up in a room without lunch or supper until she  
 produced a poem or a painting. This was duly noted by the short-story  
 writer, who has ~~ascribed to me~~ ascribed to me in his book  
 what Larry should be credited with. But more of this later. When I  
 was living in New York I heard of Poetry Bristol, Poetry Manchester,  
 Poetry Alaska, Poetry North Western (from Northwestern University)  
 &, on my return to London, ~~my arrival of~~ within  
 minutes of my arrival of Poetry Wales and Poetry St. Ives, in Bernard Stone's Bookshop,  
 in Kensington Church Walk. Sir John Waller whisked me off to meet  
 Bernard, Edward Lucie-Smith and the Liverpuddlian poets, Brian Patten  
 among them, in his house of a car, a  
 Commer Auto-Sleeper Johnny had gotten from Wilson's of Brixton, with  
 his rubicund secretary-housekeeper Chauffer ~~chauffering~~ Michael Ford,  
 chauffering and I shaving with the car's electric razor. Kensington  
 Church Walk is about eight feet wide and Johnny insisted on the  
 car being driven right up the Bernard's shopfront where it ~~caused~~ caused  
 a great commotion.

By asking to see the Man Behind the Iron Mask, Shakuntala was only  
 applying more thumb-screws on me since I was embarrassed I was already  
 in bondage. Before I left London, Ann Barr, pretty ~~and~~ clever  
 lady at Harper's and Queen had me in chains already, part-financing  
 my American trip with an advance for an article she might never get.  
 She had made a shrewd guess of my character, I suppose, ~~xxxxx~~ Her  
 generosity (as in the case of T.S. Eliot for whom I published a 60th  
 Birthday book - I added the name of my new partner Richard March  
 as a co-editor ~~xxxxx~~ to encourage him in his literary career - since he  
 had given



~~and~~ after <sup>&</sup> Next morning  
~~after~~/dinner Gerald disappeared into the blackout. ~~And then~~/Stew found  
 him ~~fast asleep in the square garden~~ fast asleep in the <sup>first</sup> garden walled garden  
~~overlooking~~ the Thames where Julian and his/wife Ursula Darwin Race  
 Trevelyan, granddaughter of Charles, had their famous Boat ~~parties~~/parties.  
~~Scattered by the high wind~~ What remained of Gerald's £100 was in  
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 Bernard, Edward Lucie-Smith <sup>& Adrian Henri</sup> and the Liverpuddlian poets, Brian Patten/  
 among them, ~~in his house of a car~~, a  
 Commer Auto-Sleeper Johnny had gotten from Wilson's of Brixton, with/  
 his rubicund secretary-housekeeper-chauffer <sup>&</sup> ~~chauffering~~ Michael Ford,  
 chauffering <sup>&</sup> and I shaving with the car's electric razor. Kensington  
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 my American trip with an advance for an article she might never get.  
 She had made a shrewd guess of my character, I suppose, ~~xxxx~~ Her  
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 Birthday book - I added the name of my new partner Richard March  
 as a co-editor <sup>another notorious example of my generosity</sup> ~~xxxx~~ to encourage him in his literary career - since he  
~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~given~~

had given my English wife, Jacqueline Stanley, £10 to buy new clothes with, after I had torn up all mine <sup>& cut up</sup> and her hats which I ~~cut up~~ and buried in my Marchmont Street garden <sup>near</sup> (Russell Square) fired what Anthony Thwaite calls my "manic generosity" <sup>Ann Barr</sup> and I am going to give <sup>for</sup> her more than she bargained for, her editorial scissors, rubbers and red pencil.

\* \* \* \* \*







~~44-38861-57~~

range of brightness

insiply

generosity ~~(him)~~ as in the case of the 60<sup>th</sup> Birthday Book I got nearly for TSE's ~~friend~~ <sup>friend</sup> etc. Let by me & not in compensation of Richard with my new partner Richard - another example of my generosity - ~~generated and~~ which was up again. £10 TSE has given my info Jackie to buy me new clothes after I had torn up all mine & buried her cut-up hats in the garden. We have at 25 March moved Street, ~~London~~

need some older critics jobs since/would ~~not~~ wish to face safely and with confidence the unknown ~~XXXXXX~~ on is NEW whether it is the past or the present.

(in seat) Percy Bristol, Percy Magill, Percy Hargreaves, Percy Plankin, Percy North West (NW),  
and our own Mr. [unclear] [unclear]. Percy St. Ives. Percy Walters in Bermuda  
Stone's Book Shop, where minutes of my arrival ~~there~~ in which first in  
my list John Walker, Chairman, his house of cars with a lot of (Clemens) Collier  
Michael Ford who was my chauffeur, secretary and housekeeper in Lyasport Lodge,  
full of his party boy-friends.



~~INSERT 4A~~

Prologue

to help me recap & see the flavor of my  
a copy to help me recap & see the flavor of my  
growing up in Ceylon while I paint for you  
on which time is one long beginningless & endless ~~stretch~~ stretch, a long  
on a large canvas with broad strokes, white and less  
I am like a little boy with a million pots of  
paints around me, who when he puts out his  
finger-painting hands and for facts & events  
my being used & before and after ~~the~~ ~~there~~  
to me in a Indian class in which there is no  
differentiation, and in my first period, in England  
not understand a "Tombi-ism" like that.

937-7288

Robert Kirk  
Redcliffe Sq.

373-0954

636-4761  
Tom Harkley



Many of the names at end of chapter will be deleted to preserve the chronology of events, to develop the story line and to preserve the unity of the book as an account of Fitzrovia as it was ~~since the~~ ~~18th Century~~ up to the ~~Fifties~~ Nineteen Fifties.

indifference to that fact  
Lack of cash, and the ~~unimportance of the fact~~ <sup>fact</sup> was the keynote of the  
Fitzrovia/ of my early days. ~~2d~~ <sup>supper</sup> for a cup of coffee at Madame Buhler's  
or sixpence for a pint of bitter at the Fitzroy Tavern/were the  
entrance ~~fee~~ <sup>fees</sup> for these 'clubs'. There were, of course, the ghosts

Vienna Steak and Spaghetti cost ~~1xx~~ one shilling, Roast Beef and two vegetables ~~1s. 6d.~~ <sup>8s. 6d.</sup> a glass of wine 6d. ~~at Bertorelli's~~ <sup>5 shillings</sup> or in Italian fashion one could have a huge bowl of minestrone with for ~~5d. - 6d.~~ <sup>five pence.</sup> with ~~xxx~~ Italian bread. A bottle of fine Italian wine cost 5s. or less. Orvieto 5/6, Chianti ~~Bianco~~ <sup>Ruffino</sup> 6/9

~~The workrooms of Fitzrovia of my days - Sickert, Gwen John, Nina Hammett preferred them to~~

~~W. A. R. R.~~

One day I had 18 children and six people to feed.  
Nina Hammett came to my rescue shopping at Schmidt's  
for a pound of bacon ends, a pound of rice and some  
eggs - a most ~~soupy~~ exotic and irritating offering quite the  
reverse of what Betty May had once offered Nina some ~~stuffed~~  
grilled mutton toast which she herself had received, etc., etc.  
~~having one of her very much in the family~~ (Betty had got fed up  
with her first husband, the breeding of dogs, the making  
of jam pies, and a ~~lot~~ like a lady). People from the Workrooms & Fitzrovia lived in the  
dorms, sometimes even other with their own little bedrooms or  
shared what they had in common - so many were ~~very~~ <sup>were</sup> beer-drinking  
or without a ~~bed~~ <sup>more</sup> better. People shared work rooms ~~and~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~work~~ <sup>work</sup> ~~rooms~~ <sup>rooms</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~even~~ <sup>even</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> Rossetti, Melanin and William Hunt  
I had lived.



## Chapter 1: FITZROVIA

Chapter 1: FITZROVIA expanded an accto of my arr. in L and  
~~FITZROVIA~~ The first chapter ~~xxxxxxx~~ to include facts about many  
of the residents of 114 ~~and~~ ~~our~~ ~~visitors~~ and 1st flat. in Howland Street  
of the residents of 114 ~~and~~ ~~our~~ ~~visitors~~ and 64 Grafton Way/which  
were suppressed for lack of space. Cab Kaye, the jazz musician/  
and Ghanian diplomat ((co-star with Lena Horne, Eartha Kitt,  
Dizzy Gillespie etc.)), only recently contacted, will be included  
along with Russell Croft one of the most picturesque ~~xxxxx~~ and  
characteristic/figures of Fitzrovia will also be included the quarter.

Many of the names at end of chapter will be deleted to preserve the chronology of events, to develop the story line and to preserve the unity of the book as an account of Fitzrovia as it was ~~since the~~ ~~18th century~~ up to the ~~18th century~~ Nineteen Fifties.

## Chapter 2: THE WORKROOMS OF FITZROVIA

indifference to that fact  
Lack of cash, and the ~~unimportance of the~~ <sup>fact</sup> was the keynote of the  
Fitzrovia/ of my early days. 2d <sup>pence.</sup> for a cup of coffee at Madame Buhler's  
or sixpence for a pint of bitter at the Fitzroy Tavern/ were the  
entrance ~~fee~~ <sup>fees</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>to</sup> these 'clubs'. There were, of course, the ghosts  
of earlier days, 'the slummers' who ~~returned~~ in their larger world  
had found no perfect place and ~~had~~ and had returned to seek ~~in~~ once  
more the early dream ~~in the~~ with the younger generation in

more the early dream ~~inexpensive~~ with the younger generation in  
The Wheatsheaf Tavern, the Swiss and French and other pubs. But  
~~Living was very expensive.~~  
~~at Bertorelli's~~ at Bertorelli Bros. Restaurant  
Vienna Steak and Spaghetti cost ~~1s.~~ one shilling, Roast Beef  
and two vegetables ~~1s. 6d.~~ <sup>5s. 6d.</sup> a glass of wine 6d. at Bertorelli's  
or in Italian fashion one could have a huge bowl of minestrone  
with for ~~5d. - 6d.~~ <sup>five pence.</sup> with ~~very~~ Italian bread. A bottle of fine  
Italian wine cost 5s. or less. Orvieto 5/6, Chianti ~~Bertorelli~~ Ruffino 6/6

Italian wine cost 5s. or less. Orvieto 5/6; Chianti 17/0.  
 Me'doc 3/3 Burgundy 4/6; Heidsieck or B. Singer N.V. 17/0.

~~Médoc 3/3 Burgundy 4/6; Heidsieck or Bellingen N.V. 1~~  
~~The workrooms of Fitzrovia of my days - Sickert, Gwen John~~  
~~Nina Hammett preferred them to~~

The workrooms of Fitzrovia being  
Nina Hammett preferred them to  
for most people in other artist quarters & dances, like Augustus  
and Epstein.  
John Fitzrovia was open "the home man".  
8 Fitzroy Street, London W.1, where he lived, at home often, for about 1960-61,  
was his sole test bed in London.

p. 102

One day I had 18 children and six people to feed. L  
Nina Hammit, came to <sup>the</sup> store shopping at Schmidt's  
for a pound of Bacon ends, a pound of rice and some  
eggs - a most ~~simple~~ exotic and titillating offering quite the  
reverse of what Betty May had offered Nina some ~~time~~  
grilled mutton toast which she herself had <sup>from Nina's own kitchen</sup> prepared and served. <sup>having dropped and</sup>  
~~Having one of her~~ <sup>her husband's place</sup> ~~was much in the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~background~~ (Betty had)

p 38

[illegible]



This chapter about the quarters I named Fitzrovia ~~from 1938~~ since it had no name unlike Bloomsbury or Chelsea although it <sup>similar, artistic & literary traditions</sup> ~~seem had~~ ~~in the 1930s~~ (the Supplement A-G of the Oxford Dictionary gives the date 1958 whereas we used ~~it~~ <sup>the word</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>it</sup> during the early months of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~1938~~ <sup>1938</sup>) will ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> interesting & part of a fair ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> selection of the highlights Nina <sup>and</sup> Betty (who were really good pals & contrary to one week's recent essay on the 2 in a row) Nancy Cunard, Mrs Stewart of the Wheat Sheaf, Mrs Ida Kagi of The Black Horse, Nina Foster, my first English girl-friend, Mary Hunt who replaced her, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> Miss M. Hinton (~~the 23~~), our English Breakfast specialist in Rathbone Place, Madame Lucie Buhler (newsagent) and her company which included D.T., K.R., J.S. P. & Louisa Paul Potts, Tony, Jean Hoare, Victor Pasmore, Michael Ayrton. The origin of PL in Buhler's cafe when K.R. ed. of Wales, J.S. editor of T.C.V. Tony Dickens & I share an argument about the rather specialized and neo-conservative attitude to the publication of contemporary poets. Founding the magazine as a capital of £5 and selling ~~the~~ <sup>it</sup> in the pubs, The ~~Cafe Royal~~ <sup>Coffee</sup> ~~Drinking~~ <sup>Drinking</sup> on the bookshops & the Cafe Royal — where I have my first meeting with (Cornwall) ~~on~~ <sup>I have my first meeting with</sup> ~~together & buy a copy~~ (Cornwall) who buy one or two copies.

John  
Hansworth  
(Honey dew  
Case)  
Cann r Pitachi  
de Montez

~~Tony Dickson and I are befriended by means of people~~ <sup>resistance to</sup>  
~~A week from now~~ <sup>5</sup>

The ghosts of earlier days, much to our encouragement and delight, returned 'shimmering' <sup>in</sup> Fitzrovia. They had found no perfect place in their larger world and had returned to home - in or their early dream which they may only have ~~known~~ known <sup>from books, in</sup> their schools and universities. But for many people in the other artists' quarters in London, like Augustus John & Epstein Fitzrovia was after "the home run". Augustus wrote in the early 1900's <sup>for his</sup> "The Fitzrovy Quarter" ~~"he was still the Artists' Quarter"~~ <sup>"it was in his early days"</sup> ~~"it's only now being Chelsea."~~

Angus has wrote in the early Sixties—that although "the Fitzroy Quarter" in those days was in every way much livelier than it is now. It was still the Artists' Quarter; its only rival being Chelsea.

Hotel  
Ruma 4<sup>93</sup>~~29~~-8000  
1511



This chapter about the quarrel I named Fitzrovia ~~for reasons~~ since it had no name unlike Bloomsbury or Chelsea although it <sup>was full of literary & living traditions</sup>  
~~had~~ <sup>the Oxford Dictionary gives the date 1938 whereas we used it in the early months of 1938</sup> (the Supplement A-G) will have interesting reports of a fair cross-section of the highlight Nina [and Betty] (who were really good pals & contrary to one writer's recent essay on the 2 in a row) Nancy Cunard, Mr Stewart at the Wheatsheaf, Mr Ida Kargi of The Black Horse, Nina Forster, my first English girl-friend, Mary Hunt who replaced her, and Miss M. Hinton (~~He 23~~), our English Breakfast specialist in Rathbone Place, Madame Lucie Buhler (newsagent) and her company which included D.T., K.R., J.S. P. & Louisa Paul Potts, Tony, Jean Hoare, Victor Pasmore, Michael Ayton.  
The origin of RL in Buhler's cafe when K.R. ed. of Wales, J.S. editor of T.C.V. Tony Dickens & I share an argument about the rather specialized and neo-conservative attitude to the publication of contemporary poetry. Founding the magazine as a capital of £5 and sitting <sup>it</sup> in the pub, The Cafe Royal Coffee Bar on the Barbican & the Cafe Royal — where Kathleen Raine & Sonia Brownell (Corwell) are together buying a copy (Corwell) who buy one or two copies.

John  
Hansworth  
(Hovey & Dewar  
Cute.)  
Laurie P. P. P.  
de Montfort

~~Tony Dickson and I are acquainted by means of people~~ <sup>residents</sup>  
~~I work from 5~~

The ghost of earlier days, much to our encouragement and delight, returned 'shimmering' <sup>in</sup> Fitzrovia. They had found no perfect place in their larger world and had returned to home in their early dream which they may only have ~~known~~ <sup>known from books</sup> ~~known~~ their schools and universities. But for many people in the other artists' quarters in London, like Augustus John & Epstein Fitzrovia was after "the home run". Augustus wrote in the early 1900s "The Fitzrovy Quarter" <sup>was much better than it was in his early days</sup> ~~was still the Artists' Quarter~~; ~~it's only not being Chelsea~~.

Angus has wrote in the early Sixties that although  
"the Fitzroy Quarter" in those days was in every  
way much livelier than it is now. It was still  
the Artists' Quarter, its only rival being Chelsea!

Hotel  
Hilton 4-<sup>92</sup>~~89~~-8000  
Room 1511



where he said, ~~Philip lived incorrectly~~, Philip lived. It was Patrick de Maré, currently a psychiatrist in Upper Harley Street, who answered the door bell. "Do come in, I am Philip's brother," he said and some years later ~~he~~ <sup>confessed to</sup> me that as I crouched by his gas fire on a brown poof he thought I was either God or the Devil. It was in Pat's flat a few days later that I met Stephen Spender who contributed to the first number of Poetry London published exactly a year ~~after~~ <sup>after my arrival in London</sup> in January 1939, and the poet Gavin Ewart who ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> appointed Production Manager of the three publishing houses I had founded <sup>in Britain:</sup> Editions Poetry London, Mandeville Publications named after the Mandeville Hotel/where I entertained ~~writers~~ <sup>friends</sup> like T.S. Eliot, Wyndham Lewis Henry Moore ~~ex~~ and Lawrence Durrell, and William Campion named partly for the son of my new partner Richard March and for one of my secretaries Betty Campion Jesse whose name should survive in the annals of English Literature through her association with <sup>Keith Douglas, the most interesting</sup> ~~the most~~ poet ~~xxxxxxx~~ to lose his life in ~~the xxxxxxxx~~ World War II.



some years later  
His work was by no means an exceptionally good and needed careful editorial selection. And since Phil was consistently losing his secret typewritten used to pay his second wife, Mary, every time she brought some poems to my office in Manchester Square to add to the growing collection in my cupboard.

torch I am carrying around the world." Below the 'torch' he sported

a nut and bolt <sup>secured right through</sup> ~~piercing~~ the coat's fabric. "It's the right nut screwed in the right way," Redvers declared. I was most surprised

to hear that <sup>this</sup> the first English Bohemian I had met, my introduction <sup>who had inherited his father's law practice in the City.</sup> to Fitzrovia, was also a qualified solicitor.

"You must leave <sup>at once</sup> your hotel and I'll find you a room in <sup>the</sup> Howland Street <sup>house</sup> where I live.

And I'll introduce you to Philip O'Connor tomorrow. He is a real <sup>you know.</sup> poet, <sup>she is Swiss & her son Robert Buhler is the father of the lady who is with of these parts.</sup> see you at noon at Madame Buhler's. <sup>In all probability</sup> I never met the lady <sup>PARA</sup> again or discovered who she was. <sup>I had heard of</sup> she was probably the midnight

stripper in <sup>when, according to reports, everything came off.</sup> The Blue Angel nightclub and Redvers seldom missed that ecstatic moment <sup>which I was destined never to see, since the club must have been shut up by the police</sup> <sup>see that act</sup> since the club must have ~~closed~~ very soon afterwards. <sup>Indians call</sup>

<sup>today</sup> The Post Office Tower has ~~erased~~ the houses of Howland Street, <sup>PARA</sup> today and Madame Buhler's,

where writers, editors and artists met over <sup>aromatic</sup> steaming cups of <sup>Continental</sup> excellent coffee in <sup>this fine annex of the</sup> the old Scala Theatre building, <sup>similarly</sup> has vanished.

<sup>called at Madame Buhler's</sup> I was there the next day for my appointment with Redvers and

Philip O'Connor, and noticed <sup>a</sup> slouched, sandalled, <sup>and</sup> long-haired <sup>who surveyed the place like a vineyard owner taking one casual monarch, took one peppy</sup> figure with intense eyes and pursed lips, <sup>correctly</sup> stroll in, look around and

<sup>ed</sup> Then walk out as casually as he had sailed in. I guessed he was the poet.

<sup>PARA</sup> Redvers was sorry he was late, and suggested I called at 4, Fitzroy

Street, where, he said, Philip lived. It was <sup>and he was a French button accordionist of some distinction in the circles of Hampstead, who is currently a psychiatrist in Upper Harley Street,</sup> Patrick de Mare, who answered the

door bell. "Do come in, I am Philip's brother," he said and some <sup>months</sup> years later confessed to me that as I crouched by his gas fire on

a brown poof he thought I was either ~~God~~ or the Devil, <sup>something else</sup> <sup>synon brackets</sup> This strange Bror de Mare, the shadowy and legendary

belief of Pat's, the son of the prominent Swedish timber merchant the <sup>Earl</sup> <sup>On Fair (the painter's son, Bertha, with whom I took him away to meet his friend of his childhood)</sup> jarl or President of the Scandinavian Society of <sup>some</sup> Britain London, this tall very shy man who was always embarrassed by the fact he had to wear the

Viking helmet with horns at the annual dinners did prove to be of great <sup>some</sup> use just before the start of the Second World War. <sup>PARA</sup> After the study of

medicine at Cambridge and before the completion of his training at

whose explosive, ex-rational, poetic images, tinged by what I call a poetic taste, were a breath of fresh air to me in the literary periodicals of the time. I was with him by no means conversely, and later on, in the early days of the war, I was with him in the trenches, and he was with me in the trenches.

who was also of Swedish extraction

who was also of Swedish extraction

who was also of Swedish extraction



St. George's Hospital, Pat had decided to throw medicine to the winds to pursue a career as a button accordionist in the cafés of Paris - a truly romantic and Pat-like decision. He was upset over a girl called Nina and wished to flee as far away from her as possible. When Anthony Dickins, who subsequently founded Poetry London with me a few months later, brought me <sup>the news</sup> I promptly called on him from nearby Whitfield Street to extract a promise from him that he would do nothing of the kind ~~and~~ <sup>but would</sup> continue with his studies at St. George's. But, then, Tony's angry block burst into my room later that afternoon like a fighting bull with a startling fire in his grey-blue eyes which he sports even today <sup>like punctuation marks in his sentences</sup> when he gets excited over some topic in our conversation, or after a brilliant musical performance, flushed and excited in ~~characteristic~~ <sup>typical</sup> Tony fashion. "Pat is packing his books for Messrs Foyle's. The chap is leaving," he shouted

fingers flying into the air or thrusting back the soft gold strands of his fine hair: <sup>li</sup> "The chap is leaving," he shouted. "He is packing his books for Messrs. Foyle's." I hurried back to 4 Fitzroy Street <sup>once more again</sup> and as I refurbished ~~xxxx~~ <sup>his empty</sup> bookshelves ~~again~~ <sup>just</sup> from his open suitcases, Pat <sup>had sat there</sup> ~~sat~~ dumbfounded on that very same brown pouf by the gas fire I <sup>had occupied</sup> ~~was occupying~~ for the first time, on my first visit. He did not utter one sound during my entire bizarre performance. "You promised to stay," I explained, and grabbing Nina by her arm literally dragged her down the narrow stairs and pavement to the more <sup>spacious</sup> ~~entrance~~ <sup>entrance</sup> to 8 Fitzroy Street two houses away. Nina was a rather unattractive, ~~xxxxxx~~ <sup>and dumpy</sup> bespectacled, frowsy-haired and vociferous/Continental - our <sup>friends</sup> ~~Circle~~ <sup>about Nina and Pat</sup> always wondered ~~what she had for Pat that other girls hadn't~~ - and she was being <sup>most</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>even</sup> argumentative. ~~Shx~~ "You must think of what's best for Pat," I kept repeating <sup>manoeuvring</sup> ~~manou~~vering her past the <sup>narrow, ascending</sup> ~~stairs~~ which led to the first floor back studio where Duncan Grant lived with Vanessa Bell. <sup>I had to keep the peace in that house when we had many a late night gathering of poets & writers.</sup> I had a key to the old James McNeill Whistler ~~studio in front~~ from the poet and painter Benny Beaumont (Count Rakozzi) who ~~lived in~~

*Manoeuvre Manoeuvring*



producing his walking stick with a flourish. His house keys were attached to its crook with bootlace and a sheaf of poems were neatly wrapped round the stem <sup>and</sup> held together with rubber bands. I recognized at a glance that the 'poems' were 'occasional' schoolboy scribblings, jottings in a schoolboy script, flagrantly romantic, and almost illiterate.

"What is that?" I asked, pointing to strips of red cloth he had wired into the lapel of his rust red overcoat which, balanced incongruously on top of a rusty bicycle, was a well known feature of Fitzrovia in those days. "It's the flaming torch I am carrying around the world." Below the 'torch' he sported a nut and bolt secured right through the coat's fabric. "It's the right nut <sup>explained,</sup> screwed in the right way," Redvers ~~declared~~. I was most surprised to hear that this first <sup>ever</sup> English Bohemian I had met, my introduction to Fitzrovia, was also a qualified solicitor who had inherited his father's law practice in the City. "You must leave your hotel at once and I'll find you a room in the Howland Street house where I live. And I'll introduce you to Philip O'Connor tomorrow. He is a real poet, you know. See you at noon at Madam Buhler's. She is Swiss and her son Robert Buhler is an up and coming painter of these parts."

I never met the Garbo-ish lady again or discovered who she was. In all probability she was the midnight stripper in The Blue Angel nightclub I had heard of, and Redvers seldom missed that ecstatic moment when, according to reports, everything came off. I was destined <sup>soon afterwards by</sup> never to see that act since the club must have been shut down ~~by~~ the police. ~~very soon afterwards.~~

The Post Office Tower has today erased the houses of Howland Street; and Madame Buhler's, where writers, editors and artists met over aromatic cups of Continental coffee in this <sup>cozy</sup> ~~tiny~~ annexe of the old Scala Theatre building, <sup>shining with brass,</sup> has similarly vanished.

*dropped in*  
I called at Madame Buhler's the next day for my appointment with  
~~PARA~~ Redvers and Philip O'Connor, and noticed a <sup>hunched-up,</sup> ~~slouched,~~ sandalled, and  
long-haired figure with intense eyes and pursed lips, <sup>his high cheek-bones rotating in his tense cobra neck,</sup> ~~who surveyed~~  
the place like a vinegary monarch, took one ~~peppery~~ look around ~~and~~  
then walked out as casually as he had sailed in. I correctly  
guessed he was the poet whose explosive ~~ex-rational~~ and poetic  
images, tinged by <sup>what Indians call</sup> ~~rasa~~ or poetic taste (literally, taste in the  
mouth) were already familiar to me in the literary periodicals of  
the time. His <sup>poems were</sup> ~~work was~~ by no means as consistently <sup>well written</sup> ~~good~~ and needed  
careful editorial selection. And since Phil was consistently losing  
his typescripts, some years later I used to pay his second wife, <sup>who is the scotch of any,</sup> ~~Maria~~  
every time she brought some poems <sup>round</sup> ~~to~~ my office in Manchester Square  
to add to the growing collection in my cupboard.

Redvers was sorry he was late, and suggested I called at  
4 <sup>the flat's occupant</sup> Fitzroy Street, where, he said, Philip often holed up. It was  
the Apollonian Patrick de Mare with an aureole of blond curly hair  
who is currently a psychiatrist and a French button accordionist  
of some distinction <sup>a cafe in</sup> ~~for relaxation in the cafes of Hampstead,~~ <sup>running</sup>  
<sup>girls thought of him as the most handsome chap in the Fitzrovia & those</sup>  
according to recent newspaper reports, who answered the door bell.  
"Do come in, I am Philip's brother," he said and some months later  
confessed to me in 'The Country Pub' in Rathbone Place that as I  
crouched by his gas fire on a brown pour he thought I was either  
the Devil or <sup>one</sup> ~~Something~~ Else. ~~[This strange belief of Pat's, the~~  
~~son of the prominent Swedish timber merchant, Bror de Mare, the~~  
~~shadowy and legendary jarl or 'Earl' of the Scandinavian Society~~  
~~of Britain (the painter Sven Berlin~~



On the third day after my arrival in London in January 1958, in the Japanese ship, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha's Kashima Maru, which had been built in Victorian England ~~Southampton~~ and boasted the service and cuisines of two cultures, (~~"I never travel by any other line"~~ - Haas, the world famous photographer) and not in a sailing boat as colourfully reported by J. Maclaren Ross in his <sup>highly coloured</sup> book of misrepresentations and fairy tales <sup>titled</sup> Memoirs of the Forties, I had already discovered Fitzrovia, and settled down at 45 Howland Street, maybe in the same house where Verlaine and Rimbaud had once conducted their stormy love affair. Enid Starkie's book on Rimbaud, which was published around the time of my arrival, gives their exact address in ~~Harland Street~~ <sup>but</sup> and over the years I understand from ~~Anthony~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~Dickens~~ <sup>for the numbering</sup> the system of numbering the houses may have changed. <sup>I have a nose for cities and had</sup> <sup>instinctively</sup> ~~I had somewhat instructively (I have a nose for cities)~~ set forth the previous night from the now vanished Melbourne House Hotel, in Gower Street, in the general direction of Fitzrovia, and discovered The Harem, a nightclub by The Wheatsheaf Tavern in Rathbone Place, and as I was sipping my beer at my table, who should <sup>materialize through the harem Hollywoodized</sup> ~~walk in~~ <sup>bead-chain curtain</sup> but the fabulous <sup>I am truly not trying to make up a bed-time story for those with a</sup> ~~Greta Garbo!~~ <sup>nostalgia for the Forties</sup> She was accompanied by a tall, most distinguished looking individual with reddish hair and beard and piercing eyes. His aquiline features and bearing were arresting and as he hesitated by the entrance with roving eyes, which were like radar probes, ~~mirrors~~, I shot up from my seat impulsively. Would they care to join me for a drink? He was utterly delighted and during the course of the evening I gathered ~~a fund of~~ curious knowledge about him. He was an errand boy, (by which he was ~~only~~ referring to his nomadic, picaresque style of existence), and a poet to boot. "And so am I," I said, truthfully, having published three slender collections in Ceylon. Could I have a look at some of his poems? "Most certainly," said Charles Haddon Redvers Gray,



Once a child tore off  
Four small serrated leaves  
And twisted their crushed spalls  
Into his nostrils, filled  
His brain with green-juiced briar  
Mixed with his sweat. His fists  
Hugged the smell of England.

I was very fortunate to meet Anthony Dickins at this party within a few days after my arrival in London. He had just come down from ~~Cambridge~~ Corpus Christi, Cambridge, where, as the Organ Scholar, he had Marlowe's room with a grand piano on top of which sat a bust of Aleister Crowley's Black Mass ~~xxx~~ woman, Betty May, by Hugh Sykes Davies, a ~~don~~ at St. John's who was Kathleen Raine's husband until Charles Madge of Mass Observation, from South Africa, rather than the South African poet, the poet, drove up to one of their parties, carried Kathleen into his tiny ~~amazing~~ sportscar and drove off - later he did the same to ~~xxx~~ Stephen's wife, the ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the amazingly tiny and petite Inez, much to 'the sensitive' 'a great grief conveyed to me in occasional correspondence ~~xxxxxx~~ over a period of several months. James, the successful architect, and Anna Madge who writes poetry ( have published one of her poems) are Kathleen's and Charles Madge's children, and Kathleen is a grandmother ~~xxx~~ of talented grandchildren. I printed this poster-poem by Thomas A. Madge (aged 8) in Pentachrist for E.F.B.,  
I published  
a birthday book/for the American Katharine F. Bennett:

Strip in repro on p.212 of Westschrift for E.F.B.

The tide rises, the tide falls,  
The sea bubbles/ the wind calls,  
The waves burst with laughter the spray flies,  
The tide rises, the tide falls,  
The sea bubbles the wind ~~sings~~ calls.  
The waves burst with laugh-  
ter the spray flies,  
The wind sings the chorus and every  
gull cries,  
The sea ~~sings~~<sup>sings</sup> the actor dreams and calls  
The tide rises the tide falls.

~~xxxxx~~ Thomas (not Tom or Tommy) as he is called at home has made it clear his is a poster-poem, a poem meant for exhibition on a wall.



Once a child tore off  
 Four small serrated leaves  
 And twisted their crushed spills  
 Into his nostrils, filled  
 His brain with green-juiced briar  
 Mixed with his sweat. His fists  
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Strip in repro on p.212 of Festschrift for K.F.B.

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The tide rises, the tide falls,  
 The sea bubbles/ the wind calls,  
 The waves burst with laughter the spray flies,  
 The tide rises, the tide falls,  
 The sea bubbles the wind ~~xxxxx~~ calls.  
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 ter the spray flies,  
 The wind sings the chores and every  
 gull cries,  
 The sea ~~xxx~~ <sup>acts</sup> the actor drowns and calls  
 The tide rises the tide falls.

~~xxxxxx~~ ~~the tide rises the tide falls~~

~~xxxxx~~ Thomas (not Tom or Tommy) as he is called at home has made it clear his is a poster-poem, a poem meant for exhibition on a wall,



or in a portfolio or album. He has drawn the <sup>photo-mounts</sup> ~~photo-mounts~~ most realistically in his picture.

Betty had been barred from Cambridge by the University's authorities. One night I picked her up ~~in~~ in the Fitzroy Tavern, the heart of Fitzrovia before ~~the~~ the start of the war (when the first air-raid sirens went, it was from this Tavern that we all fled to the shelter of a wine cellar at the corner of Winmill and Whitfield Streets, a performance we never repeated again) after she had pulled up her skirts in public to show her thighs - ~~xxx~~ "Look! I've still got beautiful ~~thighs~~ legs." Ruthven Todd has a similar story to tell in his beautifully ~~printed~~ produced and printed (on Basingwerk parchment) FITZROVIA and the Road ~~from~~ to the York Minster (Michael Parkin Fine Art Ltd) . As he relates via one of my favourite Monotype faces, Bell, on sensuous Basingwerk Parchment on which Anthony Dickins and I printed the ~~first~~ <sup>first</sup> number of Poetry London, and I can hear Rivvy's staccato, <sup>highly strung voice</sup> ~~it has.~~ (it in the ~~conversation~~ one line of conversation/~~which~~/comes ~~through~~ through perfectly in his little anecdote about Augustus John Sickert ~~pausing~~ pausing in front of a shop window crammed with ~~plumber's~~ plumber's supplies to exclaim quite seriously to the young Augustus John, "Augustus, my boy, I wish I had a brass cock." When Augustus was writing/autobiographical pieces for Horizon, ~~assisted~~ <sup>his</sup> assisted by Lillian Browne, Rivvy asked him if he wouldn't this in. "Won't fit," was Augustus' reply). "I remember," says Rivvy, "passing once, after closing time, on my way from the George in Mortimer Street to one of the countless "social" clubs of which I was a member. Half-embedded in a strange fashion in a large galvanized garbage can was a female figure, her sex proclaimed by the fact that her skirt was hoisted above the waist, disclosing the lack of any underwear. She was singing, loudly and with emphasis, a song which in those days counted as obscene. I realized that it was Betty May. Her eyes were decisively closed against the harsh light of ~~day~~ day

"Two of the regulars chanced by. They p



or in a portfolio, or album. He has drawn the <sup>photo-mounts</sup> ~~photo-mounts~~ most realistically in his picture.

May

Betty had been barred from Cambridge by the University's authorities. One night I picked her up ~~in~~ in the Fitzroy Tavern, the heart of Fitzrovia before ~~the~~ the start of the war (when the first air-raid sirens went, it was from this Tavern that we all fled to the shelter of a wine cellar at the corner of Winmill and Whitfield Streets, a performance we never repeated again) after she had pulled up her skirts in public to show her thighs - ~~in~~ "Look! I've still got beautiful ~~knights~~ legs." <sup>The poet</sup> Ruthven Todd has a similar story to tell in his beautifully ~~printed~~ produced and printed (~~on Basingwerk parchment~~) FITZROVIA and the Road ~~to~~ to the York Minster (Michael Parkin Fine Art Ltd). As he relates via one of my favourite Monotype faces, Bell, on sensuous Basingwerk parchment on which Anthony Dickins and I printed the ~~first~~ <sup>first</sup> number of Poetry London, and I can hear Rivvy's staccato, highly strung voice in the ~~surroundings~~ one line of conversation ~~which~~ comes ~~through~~ through perfectly in his little anecdote about Augustus ~~and~~ Sickert ~~standing~~ <sup>in Fitzrovia, I am sure,</sup> pausing in front of a shop window, crammed with ~~plumber's~~ plumber's supplies, to exclaim quite seriously to the young Augustus John, "Augustus, my boy, I wish I had a brass cock." When Augustus was writing <sup>his</sup> autobiographical pieces for Horizon, ~~assisted~~ assisted by Lillian Browne, Rivvy asked him if he wouldn't <sup>put</sup> this in. "Won't fit," was Augustus' reply). "I remember," says Rivvy, "passing once, after closing time, on my way from the George in Mortimer Street to one of the countless "social" clubs of which I was a member. Half-embedded in a strange fashion in a large galvanized garbage can was a female figure, her sex proclaimed by the fact that her skirt was hoisted above the waist, disclosing the lack of any underwear. She was singing, loudly and with emphasis, a song which in those days counted as obscene. I realized that it was Betty May. Her eyes were decisively closed against the harsh light of ~~day~~ day."

"Two of the regulars chanced by. They p







Way W.1 (the address for the first two issues of Poetry London) supplied us with lunch and dinner for 30s. a week or rooms ~~for~~ only for 12s. 6d. Breakfast was served in bed by Charles Haddon Rdevers Gray from Pop's Cafe next door for a commission of 6d. a week. It was one of many Rdeversian plans to get rich serving as many Fitzroviaans as possible in this manner. Conveniently, there was an intercommunicating door between the two houses and one only had to knock for Pop, a diminutive man of about 5 ft. to fill our orders for Eggs and Toast and Marmalade and Bacon and Egg and Chips for about 9p. I remember the salmon salad cost 6d. No.114 was bombed during the war and a populous one-storey ~~what~~ self-service Indian restaurant occupies the spot which I patronize nowadays, whenever I am around those parts since it has a homely bazaar atmosphere and I can see and pick up for myself certain home-made relishes like ~~my~~ fresh coconut spiked with thin slices of green chilly or those dhal rissoles we call mamsala-vadai in Ceylon which used to hot up our schooldays in the noonday sun along with, along with devilled wood-apple or green mangoes much to the annoyance of our parents. The best Underground Stations <sup>Streets</sup> for Fitzrovia of my time are Warren, Goodge/and Tottenham Court Road. The old fish and chips shop right opposite No.114 with signs and notices still on display, and still bright with the red paint of a period I don't remember, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ seems as if it must have ceased its brightly lit busy traffic nearly two decades ago. A penny's worth of chips was a welcome snack those days and one bought a 4d. or 6d. worth of fish and chips wrapped in sheets of newspaper or cod's roe of which I was very fond, born as I was by the seaside of Atchuvoly in the Northern Jaffna Peninsula where the 'fisherwoman' brought the fruits of the sea straight from the catch for our delighted inspection and the haggling over prices with Elisen our cook in the courtyard of my Grandfather-with-the-Beard (the other being Grandfather of Stone House) proud but pious descendant of Pararajasakharan VIII, the last King of Jaffna, from whom Grandfather



from whom Grandfather of Stone House, ~~xxxxxx~~ poet, editor and philanthropist, S. Tambimuttu Pillai is also descended..... The Portuguese invaded us in 1505...and then came the Dutch... and then the British....The Old Bombay Emporium (today the canners of the popular curry and other spices) still stands in its original modest state in Grafton Way and Indian restaurants flauntingly display their exotic names in Whitfield Street and Grafton Way unlike in my times - the most famous Tandoori (tandoor is the clay baking oven of North India) Restaurant in London, which is very tiny, is in Whitfield Street and bookings are often necessary a day ahead ...the eternal migration and intermingling of cultures <sup>and</sup> I feel I was the first pioneer of all this hustle and bustle, this little Colony perhaps as ~~xx~~ when Cecil Rhodes seized Rhodesia for the British Crown....as my friend Paul Potts might have said:

And Christ hung up on Calvary  
Is man in in main street, Stalingrad.

Redvers would arrive each morning on his rusty bicycle and play his flute in the street (it was his ambition to own a motor-bike, which he did one day through fortuitous circumstances). He would squat in the padmasana or lotus position on the floor and with palms outstretched on either side, eyes pointing to the ceiling and the tip of his neatly trimmed beard cocked at my head, "Alms for the love of Allah, Alms for the love of Allah," he would chant playing the genie in The Thousand and One Nights. "And what would my Lord and Master have for breakfast this morning?"

Almost overnight the house got filled with our friends. The American Adam Zion Margoshes, friend of Philip O'Connor and, during the war years, founder of the famous Phoenix Bookshop in Cornelia Street, Greenwich Village (Pittsrovia had worked its magic on him), now run by Bob Wilson, was one of them. He was also founder of The Village Voice along with my friend Herman Mailer and in my early years in New York its chief feature writer. Charles Blackburn, who designed the logo and the second lyrebird for the cover of



Poetry London (the first was designed by Lucian Freud)/~~was~~ working for the Metal Box Company at the time ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ and until a few months ago was ~~the~~ production manager for my current Fitzrovia effort The Lyrebird Press, was another. (I had found him working as a punch time-keeper ~~xx~~ for The Carlton Tower Hotel in Belgravia on my return from New York, or rather he found me, through the interview I had with Valerie Jenkins of The Evening Standard. He had left the Metal Box Company before he qualified for a large <sup>fat</sup>/retirement pension to chase a girl across Europe to Greece and today, on an old age pension, he ~~earns~~ extra <sup>cash, which is legal of course,</sup> as a messenger boy at The Grosvenor House in Park Lane. With his dapper and diminutive size, just like Pop of Pop's Cafe (he is a great skater) he looks his part and was overwhelmed recently when the actress Shirley Maclaine sent him out to buy some 'intimates' from a chemist and handed over £1 for the service together with the bonus of her celebrated smile). He was ~~has~~ always nattily turned out in perfect taste, since he is a serious artist as well, <sup>and</sup> he always had the manners of a perfect gentleman and at ~~his~~ No. 114 <sup>since he lived on the topmost floor,</sup> he was our watchdog for the moment the girl in the building opposite his room took off all her clothes and <sup>with perfect unconcern</sup> paraded up and down ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ although she ~~has~~ knew we were all watching.

Russell Croft and his girl friend Pat, ~~xxxx~~ who seemed to be eternally in the shower were other unusual additions to our household. Surprisingly, Russell was recently named as the Public Relations officer for General Walker's Private Home Army for the take over of essential services in Britian should there be a collapse in the Home Front, which sounds like a very Russellian statement. I used to play cricket for his team, the Gentlemen of Bloomsbury, and since men were scarce during the war years we once played a team of girls. I remember being bowled to by J.B.S. Haldane's niece <sup>but</sup> ~~and~~ I can't remember who got my wicket. It irked a Croft, probable heir ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ up a long ladder to a baronetcy, that ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ a damned Arab sniper had taken a pot shot at him during the Palestinian war injuring a ~~xxxxxxxx~~ tendon in one leg. At first we had thought



that his tawny beard and breezy manner together with his Jodhpurs, walking stick and fashionable limp which went well with his trim figure and deep-sunken Scots eyes were a carefully rehearsed affectation. He loved amusing us playing 'the old man' on bandied legs, with his hands clasped behind his back towards the gas fire and lecturing to us in his old grand-dad voice. He frequented fusty clubs in Whitehall and elsewhere and loved playing the caricature of the part he had chosen for himself up to the hilt while we hoisted with laughter. I was invited to his wedding to ~~xxxx~~ my good friend Honor Frost who was in charge of publications at the Tate Gallery (she did some lovely etchings of me and my friends, in groups, and I should love to own one of them today) and was later astonished to hear that the marriage had not lasted overnight!

Mary ~~xxxx~~ Hunt, who I later introduced to Ralph Kean, who married her, lived in this house when she was 16. I had rescued her from Lucian Freud at Boris Watson's Coffee An one night. Bunny Kean ran the documentary ~~film-unit~~ Crown Film Unit with Donald Taylor and Basil Wright, maker of the classic documentary film, The Song of Ceylon, which I was pleased commissioned scripts from <sup>the</sup> impoverished Dylan Thomas. When I was impoverished myself, in New York, I sold a letter from Dylan which read: "Dear Tombi, please let me have the guinea you owe me for my last poem. Yours, Dylan."

Mary's beauty was stunning. "She is the most beautiful English girl I ever saw," Ruthven Todd, the poet told me when ~~he~~ saw her sitting on a deck chair, sunning herself, on the half-way roof up to my room. Artists Augustus John and Matthew Smith both fell for her. A book of drawings by Augustus has her face on its cover and Matthew left her £2,000 a year together with all his paintings and drawings which were of her duplex in Cornwall Gardens <sup>her</sup> strewn all over the place/when I visited <sup>her</sup> on my return from New York. Matthew once told me his secret remedy for sleeplessness. He sprinkled



cold water over his naked body and lay on the floor. He was so miserable and cold <sup>after that</sup> ~~that soon~~ <sup>soon back</sup> he was ~~in~~ <sup>back</sup> in bed again, and glad to be asleep. We had a large basement at 114 painted black with large gold stars and a battered up piano. Word of our parties soon got around Fitzrovia since they could smell my parties all the way down Grafton Way and Whitfield street because of the incense we used. We had good exhibition dancers, besides, in the shape of the Australian painter Donald Friend and fellow Australian Leila Sulou. She was indeed one of the most beautiful women in the world and settled down in Paris to a married life and we lost her. Herbert ~~Smith~~ <sup>Read</sup> sent Donald on some ~~wild~~ <sup>artistic</sup> wild-geese chase to Africa from where he wrote to say that he had gotten the yox. He was back <sup>but</sup> in England and I saw him in London on my way to New York ~~and~~ <sup>I</sup> saw no change in his wild dancing or Donald. He is a celebrated artist back home today and I keep thinking to myself he must be dreaming of Fitzrovia still. Another beautiful girl of our circle was the tall, <sup>and full</sup> ~~but~~ most perfectly <sup>our</sup> ~~proportioned~~ <sup>proportioned</sup> Hetta Crouse from South Africa who ~~used~~ <sup>graced</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>our</sup> parties with fellow South African ~~sculptor~~ <sup>sculptor</sup> Rene Crouse. But we soon lost her to William Empson. She invited me to do some gardening with her and I went down to Bill's garden dutifully. When we were in the drawing room having been very fond of Hetta "Come and sit on my lap, Hetta," I said. "That is not your style, Tambi dear," she said. "I hear you have been gardening with Hetta," Bill tells me the next day. ~~That's~~ <sup>That's</sup> how close we were those days in Fitzrovia," even before the magazine had appeared <sup>and</sup> and everybody knew everybody else. It was exactly the same in Paris before the war. In no time I had run across Zadkine, Brancusi, Triton Thara, Henry Miller, Brassa Brassa, Giacometti, Pierre Jean Jouve, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> Supervielle etc.



wartime/ on in ~~Abstract~~ (?)[illegible]



Among those present the previous evening were George Barker and Douglas Marth, the sensational reporter for the Sunday Pictorial and The Daily Mirror, who was made a special policeman in the wartime blackouts and was credited with putting the Messina brothers, ~~watknfx~~ ~~husknfx~~ who ran the red light district of London out of business -- once at The Hog in the Pound near my office in Manchester Square which I considered to be my own new stamping ground, a wreath addressed to him was delivered by the Messina brothers. At that time he had a play on the boards (or was it at Oxford?). He was swathed in bandages and it was an extraordinary story he told us that evening. He had vowed to get his girl friend back or drive a knife through his aching heart and had notified The Daily Telegraph to this effect while promising them despatches on the gruesome proceedings. His girl friend would not have him back, so he had proceeded with his plan, sent his despatches to The Telegraph and there he was before us our eyes straight out of hospital. The affair lost him, as we affectionately called him, his friendship with Anais and Hugo but he continued to be a very good friend of mine until he died a few years ago.

Larry sang a lovely song from the Old English strumming his guitar:

And there in that orchard lieth a knight  
His wounds are bleeding day and night  
Lully, lully lully, lullaby may

And there by that knight there kneeleth a maid etc

He had written to Anais in Paris enclosing the first copy of PI and asking her to come straightaway to London to meet me "since you both have similar handwriting," just as he had written that same very month, as he has written, to Dylan Thomas to tell him that his ~~scribbled~~ "crabbed, botchy script" resembled Emily Bronte's, mailing him a facsimile postcard from <sup>the</sup> Autograph Collection in the British Museum.

Anais had caught the night train that very day, she told me in New York, and as I left that party Hugo stood by the bedroom door by the stairs holding the coffee table edition of The House of Incest in both hands like ~~xx~~ a white cellophane-wrapped tea-tray or an oriental gift. When I got back to Whitfield Street, I read through the book in half an hour and got so ~~excited~~ excited and curious over the identity of the author that I rang up Larry at once, late as it was. "Is Anais Nin a man or a woman?"



"My dear chap, you've been talking to her all evening," was his surprised reply.

Whence, I supposed, Anais early morning visit. "London is no place for you. Come with us to Paris this morning." I was too busy with the second number of PL, I said. "Well, then, you can have my apartment in the rue Cassini when you come up to Paris." That was the sole conversation we had, and she left as abruptly as abruptly as she had arrived.

The next summer, sure enough, she sent me the keyes for her apartment from Antibes at Tony's wedding who had found me ensconced in Montparnasse in ~~the Hotel Universelle~~ Philip O'Connor's favorite Hotel, the Hotel Universelle off the Boulevard Edgar Quinet. The room cost about 7 shillings a week. The net result of all this channel traffic and Larry's genius for putting people in touch with each other was that, in the Forties, PL was her first publisher on either side of the Atlantic. Her three previous volumes had been privately issued by ~~himself~~ herself and and Hugo, two of them printed by herself on a hand press. Her three volumes of writing were included in my publication Under a Glass Bell which had poor reproductions of Hugo's engravings. Unfortunately we had to use wartime newsprint and to my utter horror when the copies arrived with ANAIS MIN ~~which~~ in large ~~hand-drawn~~ hand-drawn red lettering on the nice jacket, I discovered on the title page itself the discritical mark on the i of Anais name had shifted over to the left on top of the a.

Rumours spread quickly in Fitzrovia and we didn't even have to be other hunting for a printer. One day a gentleman with a bowler hat and pulled up umbrella ~~arrived~~ turned up at 114 on behalf of the Women's Printing Society of Brick Street, Picadilly, with an offer to print the first number of PL. He had heard of the project from the poet and novelist Rayner Heppenstall. The nice lady printers and Hector Whisler



used up in No. 1.

The name of Hiawatha's daughter  
was<sup>n</sup> Minchaha, Running Water.  
But let me think, when fancy quickens,  
Of Tonimuttutambidickins;  
And never send a verse that's phoney  
To Dickinstambimuttutony,  
Nor post a work that's nanby panky  
To Muttutonydickinstambi.  
So praise, like widow fired in suttee  
To Tambidickinsmuttutony.  
So keep this rule until Last Day  
And God will ~~wipe~~ wipe your sins away.

On receipt of my first letter to him, together with our circular,  
printed with the £5 birthday present to Tony from his Stowe schoolmate,  
Lord Westbury, Dylan had written to his chum Vernon Watkins, before  
its appearance: "There's a new periodical, Poetry (London) which  
promises to be, if nothing else, well produced. Edited by a man  
or woman called Tambimuttu." And after its publication, my present  
neighbour John Lehmann of The Hogarth Press and New Writing told me  
he had thought my name belonged to some secret society. Mr Anthony

~~Thwaites of the New Statesman couldn't have looked at my magazine~~  
~~when he wrote his article in the New Statesman~~ <sup>where he wrote his article in the New Statesman</sup> ~~in the New Statesman~~ <sup>at that time</sup>  
~~when he wrote in that journal that the London bit to be indispensable~~

<sup>said in that</sup> ~~That the London bit to~~  
Poetry London was not added on until the ~~seventh~~ <sup>third</sup> ~~number~~ <sup>or</sup>  
fourth numbers. Nor could <sup>a</sup> ~~serious~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~any~~ <sup>critic</sup> follow the  
non-literary J. MacLaren Ross bit of Punch humour about ~~PL 10~~  
<sup>an omnium gathering a</sup> ~~which he compared to~~ Chums Annual - it was ~~226~~ <sup>264</sup> ~~pp.~~ <sup>p.p.</sup> long; of poets

I had not said or something silly like that. Anyone who picks up  
~~extensively bound~~ <sup>extensively bound</sup> ~~volume~~ <sup>volume</sup> ~~will~~ <sup>will</sup>  
that ~~will~~ <sup>will</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~will~~ <sup>will</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~there~~ <sup>there</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup> ~~heavy~~ <sup>heavy</sup> ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup> ~~type~~ <sup>type</sup>  
that I revived: ABOUT THIS NUMBER: there ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> poets who have never before  
appeared in print, or in Poetry London. It was meant to shake up  
the Establishment and prove my point/literary coteries had no meaning <sup>so the bill that</sup>

xxxxof first book of poems Confusions about X with that title  
for the title for xxx review in PL No. 2 in my review Mr ~~Ex~~ Symons in  
xxxhis nursery in PL No. 2:

21A

(quote

m/10 Feb 1971 is playing ball with ~~my name~~  
when he wrote his article Tambimutterings (see he/~~xxxxxxx~~  
arcane ~~xxxxxxx~~ name in that journal  
with my ~~name/xxxxxxx~~ and yet another ~~issue/Tambiguity~~ issue of The  
New Statesman  
- Tambiguity) ~~xxx~~: Julian Symonds had in anger written an article about  
me, Tuttifrutti or the worse ~~of~~ for poetry (how did he know) with childish  
In Memoriam black black borders round the page when I had reviewed his  
(~~Quote~~ Quote here from the Christmas number of Last year's

New Statesman):

Theaty thwaithe probably doesn't  
deserve my nickname  
Mr Thoatrythwaithe (Thought Thoat is the name of an excellent pop group-/  
in the making of which we shall hear much in the ~~New Year~~ year 1975, Irish  
for Thoat, the ex-manager of Emerson, Lake and Palmer is Thoat's manager  
- a group of three Irishmen and two Yugoslavs) couldn't possibly have read  
my Poetry London (indeed he hasn't



when he wrote his article Tambimuttuerings on 10 February 1971 (see he is playing playing ball with my arcane name in the Christmas issue of the same journal in A Christmas Garland with poems on Robert Lowell, Richard Wilbur, Sylvia Plath and myself -Tambiguity -: Julian Symonds had set the precedent ~~referxxxxxxx~~ in 1939 before the war in an article called Tuttifrutti or the words for poetry with childish In Memoriam black borders round the page when I had reviewed his first book of poems Confusions about X in my review Mr Symonds in his Nursery in ~~PL2x~~ PL No.2 published in April 1939:

"It is lovely to say in grandiose terms that poetry should have a sociological significance; for that matter all poetry ~~all poetry~~ has some sort of sociological significance. But, how much of modern poetry Are Gascoyne's, Thomas', St. John of the Cross' or the Sufi mystics' really does have a genuine sociological significance? (For instance, - 2.5 sec interpolation of my 1974 copying of what I wrote in 1974) what "sociological significance" - I think Randall Swingler of the Left Review and the early ~~Macspanday~~ Macspanday, <sup>the composite beast of</sup> Macneice, Spender, Auden or Roy ~~Campbell~~ Campbell's satiric Flowering Rifle - Macspanday and and Roy, ~~xxx~~ who was a Catholic belonged to opposite camps in the Spanish Civil War, along with Geoffrey Grigson who ~~owned~~ owed his success to the publication of Auden's early poems, and his support of them, which we liked best, and Wystan quickly scrapped them - coined "social significance" ~~along with~~ along with Objective Reporting ~~in poetry~~ (!) in poetry - Grigson's phrase. He may have trying to emulate Charles Madge's and Tom Harrison's Mass Observation). If Louis MacNeice writes a sociological poems such as Autumn Journal, so much the better, for MacNiece MacNeice can write well, and it will educate educate people ~~people~~ to the social struggle that is happening today. (On the other hand, <sup>another interpolation</sup> ~~the Venezuelan who writes great songs won't have them published or recorded for the music is a part of his~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~private self~~ <sup>same is his own work</sup> and he does not want ~~it~~ mixed up with ~~commercialism~~ commercialism - he is ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ studying dairy farming to make money back home). Poems by Spain, published by John Lehmann of The Hogarth Press is a good thing and the more people realize its meaning, the better. But does the work of



But, ~~these~~ the work of Auden catechumens have any social meaning? I would like Mr. Julian Symons to answer. How many people enjoy reading reading this or feel that they have been touched or educated sociologically? Most of the juvenile pen-pushers write poems that are merely the result of their self-ordained and obstinate ~~self~~ inner disintegration. The rest have merely supplied texts for the psychologists. Some have bitten off more of Eliot-Auden than they can hold without changing colour, and the others moon over jig-saw puzzles with Dylan Thomas and Gerard Manley Hopkins as peices. And all the while they shout that they want social objectivity etc. etc. Invention is a good thing, but while searching for new possibilities in language we must have our feet firmly planted on ~~the ground~~ earth. That is why one must read a book like The White Cry (interpolation - from Dent's New Zealand poet Douglas Stewart, another book I reviewed by a young New Zealand living a New Zealand, and I've never heard of him since). Although all its evocations are of a minor nature, it is full of the antipodean joy of life, and, what is more, it is exciting poetry. New images come to him ~~xxx~~ easily without painful striving - a lesson for a great many young poets.

Julian Symons poetry is (on the other hand) 'competent, flat, dull. The book is a confusion about confusions, about X's, turnips, gewgaws, cabbage leaves. It is neurosis striving for ~~an~~ confusion. Mr Symons himself is doubtful his big Nob X because in the original version of Dedication published in his paper he had the line "Your X moving like a train(?), which he has changed ~~xxxxx~~ to "X moving like a train in his book." No one knows a face/ or knows a face's x". ~~xx~~ "To X for help." "He is the X to whom I play the drums" (?) "I should like to know more about X." "X it is true is about now," He reels and tapes it out. Symons' poetry is perfect booksy-booksy poetry; part Gavin Ewart, Mallarmé, ~~Rhymenx~~ Ruthven Todd, to whom he owes his technique, and part Philip O'Connor from whom he has cribbed the rest. I am only speaking of the direct sources of his inspiration:

Night is as fatal as home. There are  
In night's retractive fingers or  
Water slapping the sky signs enough  
To make one push a hand through roof  
Feeling life outside as real as hair.  
From touch of of fingers of or hair.....

A downright crib from one of ~~xxx~~ Philip O'Connors poems. It is sad to see an editor cribbing from nearly every one of his contributors, besides Eliot and Auden. Let me open the book at random. Three consecutive poems begin like this: Night is as fatal as home." "This summer ~~evening/xxxxparticular~~ evening and particular death/ Let us consider." "Let us applaud this and the other evenings/When darkness comes comes at half past seven." Ding-Dong. It is evident that Mr Symons is squeezing himself to duplicate Auden's tone and attitude of ~~xxxx~~ mind (that is why I damned the Cartesian attitude, raison), in the second as well as subsequent Letters ~~xxxxxxx~~ - a more informal term than Editorial) ~~xxxx~~ for lines from Auden immediately sigh protest. We have heard this before "Taller today, we we remember similar Evenings/ Walking together in the/Windless orchard." ~~xx~~ "Doom is dark and deeper than any ~~saxpdx~~ sea-dingle." (Why the egg in the mouth, why the lordly survey and consideration of an ordinary summer's day, the stilted survey, with prince Nez?) As for more obvious cribs from all sources, I leave to people who are sufficiently interested to Mr Symons. Perhaps no one knows better than Mr Booksy Symons himself what ~~xxxx~~ a pernicious type of composite he is. Musical Box Poem is one of Mr Symons' technical exercises in the Dylan Thomas style. This review is, however, meant for those who frequent parties at Winchmore



Hill (which is the part of London where ~~London~~ Julian lived).

I have written in this ~~style~~ in my ~~magazines~~ and that was when Geoffrey T.S. Esiot and even his own in Polemic and I had to answer him in PL Grigson denigrated Dylan Thomas/and there is a special reason for ~~besides~~ is that it's only ~~the continuation of the~~ quoting so extensively from this ascerbic piece/. ~~It is only~~ the continuation with Julian in ~~the~~ of an argument I had/in Madame Buhler's cafe one evening ~~about~~ which turned out to be the ~~real~~ fuel around November 1938, ~~which was the~~ fuel for the launching for Poetry London. ~~It had been~~

It was one  
~~I was~~ at Madame Buhler's ~~that~~/evening in the company of Anthony  
 Dickins and Keidrych Rhys , editor of Wales, ~~which/I furnished him~~  
~~the information~~ that I ~~met~~ met Julian, Editor of Twentieth Century  
 Verse which was one of ~~the three~~ important

~~XXXX~~ Hill (which is the part of London where Julian lived).

Which is neither my type of writing nor my type of criticism since I

have always ~~believed~~ believed that appreciation by writing another  
The way the French-speaking poet alureate of Pondicherry in India  
showed his appreciation of my grandfather's poetry though the medium of the  
poem to the poet, in Indian fashion, is the best form of criticism, / The  
pleasure

had ~~marka~~ could exist by itself giving/please to some people but the  
through quotation by people who have tasted its rasa, or taste.  
best will become ~~marka~~ famous/ ~~in the~~ There's only one ~~another~~ time

I have ~~written~~ written in this manner in my magazine and that/when reason ~~for~~ quoting so extensively ~~from~~ this Geoffrey Grigson denigrated Dylan ~~Thomas~~ Thomas and there is a special/ ascerbic

ascorbic  
quotingxxso muchxxfromxxthexxwithxxkenn/piece of writing, rather unnecessarily  
more person than I ever onlyxxkennkennkenn It's only  
kennxx/personal. <sup>am</sup>xxx Itxxkennkennkenn the continuation of an argument

I had with ~~Julian~~ Julian, a good friend friend of mine, with Keidrych  
Rhys's support, ~~xxxxxx~~ who was ~~xxxxxx~~/editor of Wales which published Dylan Thomas,

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Glyn Jones, <sup>GOC</sup> ~~XXXX~~ Harold, and H.L.R. Edwards

[illegible]

Hill (which is the part of London where Julian lived).

Which~~xxxxx~~ is neither my type of criticims, nor y t



Corpus Christi Carol

Sunday, Sunday, Sunday, Sunday,

The falcon harte home any make  
away

He bore him up, he bore  
He bore him ~~down~~ down  
an orchard ~~down~~ <sup>down</sup>.

In that orchard there was an hall,  
that was hang'd with purple  
and pall.

And in that hall there was a bed;  
It was hang'd with gold & red.

And there in that bed there ~~lay~~ <sup>lieth</sup> lieth  
a maiden,  
This wounded is bleeding day &  
night.

By that bed's side there kneeleth  
a may,  
And she weepeth both night & day.

And by that bed'side there standeth  
Corpus Christi written <sup>a stone</sup> thereon.

(So that I am the Great (7))



no meaning for me. I have published poems ~~in~~<sup>of</sup> by children<sup>4</sup>. So what's wrong with my idea that every man has the stuff of what we call poetry in him?

Some of the names I have mentioned so far were true Fitzrovians in the sense of Bohemians, and of Byron's a roving at night, of which ~~Charles~~ Charles Maddon Redvers Gray was the paragon. But there is one chief person I would like to add with whom I had many a midnight chat in James McNeil Whistler's old studio in Fitzroy Street. Paul Potts, "the hick poet from the Canadian praries," as he called himself would prop up his feet on a chair, and puffing away at his corncob pipe recite some of his poems (which he now quite wrongly calls non-poems - he has been brainwashed by the critics during my absence in America). Even the sentences he construct<sup>ed</sup> in his sonorous Canadian voice had the structure of music and poetry. He was a pure poet, a poet of the future, with a Whitmanesque sweep and ring who spoke of ordinary things in simple and unaffected language: But listen people/ Anywhere punching time;/ If you're walking to the moon/ I've got clean sox for you." and "But I have ~~ixiens~~ tried/ To leave for ever in your ears/ The noise that men make/ When they break their chains. ~~Until the world~~ is Blackpool/ In August in the Afternoon! And again:

No building, not the Pantheon  
No poem, not the Illiad,  
No music, even if it is by Bach,  
Is more important than a man,  
A brakey on a railroad track.

His simple words were well rounded and chosen and over the years he repeated the same thoughts and words until they had a Pottsonian ring and were very soon his own. They sparkled anew every time <sup>he spoke them</sup> as if he had been constantly honing them with a woodsy Indian wisdom, which actually he had. One felt at home with Paul and his open, naked face with the long aquiline nose and domed forehead wreathed with corncob smoke; his humourous and restless eyes, disillusioned eyes



which stubbornly clung to his dream and the few people he loved.

I felt impelled to publish some of his poetry in PL No.2 and it was for the publication of Paul in the PL series of books that I created the Ballad Books for the publication of a more popular sort of poetry meant for recitation which fitted in well with the Poetry London Yearbooks of Jazz egged on by the vast enthusiasm of a friend <sup>that big egg - he is</sup> Nicholas Moore <sup>CSM of the philosopher G. E. Moore who I taught with at King's</sup> who used to work in my office. The first was New Lyrical Ballads edited by Maurice Carpenter which included work by Randall <sup>father of all</sup> ~~Swinger~~ Swinger and Herbert Corby and the second Instead of a Sonnet <sup>with 90's been in the world</sup> by Paul for which I had to coin a new label 'poeter poetry' when writing the blurb. Paul had been publishing broadsides called A Poet to his People for sale in the streets for 1p. In my time in England Paul had not yet published a book of prose. But on my return from New York, nearly two decades later, I jokingly asked him whether he had a book for sale. He offered me the reprint rights to his book Dante Called you Beatrice and we signed a contract for a token advance of £1 although I was not yet a publisher. When he delivered <sup>the book</sup> I found that his <sup>PROSE</sup> ~~poetry~~ is just the same as his poetry, what's the difference between poetic prose and poetry anyway? And I do think it's silly of him to write in his latest book Invitation to a Sacrament that there is so much real poetry in his prose that it does not need the verse which he thinks ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ is terrible - in the words of the blurb <sup>in</sup> which I detect the authentic Pottsonian ring! Ha. Ha. Anyway Paul was an important element of the Fitzrovia scene as he is, I believe, even today since I often run into him <sup>in</sup> the French Pub (The York Minster) and Muriel's Colony Club still used by Lucian Freud, Francis Bacon, Johnny Craxton and Christopher Moorsom who belongs to the true Fitzrovia tradition although I first met him in New York where for a little while he worked as P.R. for Poetry London-New York.

<sup>+ Fitzroy St. with the</sup> It was from the nests of Whitfield Street, Howland Street <sup>and</sup> Fitzroy Tavern for our home run that the idea of Fitzrovia in the verbal sense was first born. I am afraid it was Charles Haddon Gray's influence and his love of William J Locke's The Beloved Vagabond which <sup>he</sup> gave me to read (Redvers is the jolly Old Man who was the vagabond, like himself, and I was the small boy, his companion, Asticot, or little ~~maggot~~ maggot - C'est un drôle d'asticot!) <sup>that gave me the</sup> idea of our group as vagabonds and ~~sadhus~~ sadhakas or Seekers, as the Buddha was at the start. When he read of my arrival in England in



in August 1968 in an interview I had with ~~My~~ Polly Toynbee - I had only called on my publishers to collect some royalties and she was there - daughter of an old friend - and he left a message for me with Paula Shaw-Lawrence ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ one of the greatest Fitzrovia's ever (mother of Bettina Shaw-Lawrence, the painter) signed The Old Man from the Forest. Tony had been cut off by his father with £1 a week since he disapproved of his musical studies. Redvers wandered round the streets late at night to his own time-table, The Blue Angel at midnight and always Fleet Street after that for hot doughnuts which he brought back home when I was living in Howland Street with my neighbour, Tommy Farr's sparring partner's sister trying *to housekeep for me* or when I dosed down at Redvers' for a fortnight *when my money had run out. I too was a true wanderer now.*

I had ~~xxxx~~ only turned up in London to surprise the girl I was going to marry with my unexpected presence. She had been bombarding me with letters to come to England and she, in her turn, had been dragged down to London on the pretext ~~xx~~ that her father who was our High Commissioner here wished to present her at Court, but actually it was to separate us since we were creating a scandal in Ceylon. I was not present when she thoroughly ~~shock~~ <sup>up</sup> Redvers by tucking up her gold embroidered sari to clean my room, ~~but~~ <sup>and</sup> she did give me the chance of having her back when she called on Tony and me when we shared the room on top of the arch opposite Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital which still stands there to my utter astonishment.

Tony played the piano for her at five in the morning <sup>and</sup> ~~xxx~~ I took her for coffee at the all night cafe right beside Russell Square Tube Station. She had wandered all night all over Fitzrovia from one address to another and it was a miracle she had found <sup>me</sup> at all. I only heard the full story of what had happened that night when I ~~xx~~ was having a solitary drink at 4 a.m. on the lawn of the Havelock Golf Club in Colombo in 1950 on my return to Ceylon from a distant cousin who had happened to notice the club lights were on at that strange hour. She had thrown her husband's typewriter out of the <sup>win-dow</sup> ~~down~~ and come out looking for me.

She was pregnant, should she have the baby. Being a noble man I said, of course, and she left at once. I had won ~~xxxxxx~~ her from the envious eyes of two future ~~xxxxxx~~ ministers of Ceylon and lost her since I had written ~~to her~~ to tell her I had fallen ~~xxx~~ madly ~~xx~~ in love with a girl called Noemi - a name I had fished out of Guy de



Maudsland - it was she who introduced me to D.H. Lawrence - and would  
 she look after her when she arrived in England. She wrote back "Hurrah!  
 Of Course" and proceeded to give me an account of the mad breakfast  
 parties she had been to during Boating Week in Amalfi (?) Oxford  
 with her cousins. In the meantime my novel was Keoni (?), which  
 was herself, was on its way by to her by sea with me to follow a couple  
 of weeks later - a couple of weeks too late. It left me with a sense of  
 the eternal loneliness of sea and women despite all our words and  
 stances. When we die we die alone to be recycled in the Supreme Energy  
 Energy

Once a child tore off  
 your small serrated leaves  
 and twisted their crushed spills  
 into his nostrils, filled  
 his brain with green-juiced briar  
 Mixed with his sweat. His fists  
 Hugged the smell of England.

I was very fortunate to meet Anthony Dickins at this party within a few days after my arrival in London. He had just come down from Corpus Christi, Cambridge where, as the Organ Scholar, he had ~~had~~ Marlowe's room with a grand piano ~~xxxxxx~~ the top of which sported a bust of Aleister Crowley's Black Mass woman, Betty May, who had been barred from Cambridge *the University's archives* by the *picked her up*. One night I ~~met~~ *met* in the Fitzroy Tavern, the heart of Fitzrovia before the outbreak of war, after she had pulled up her skirt in public to show her thighs - "look, I've still got beautiful legs." It was her revelations about Aleister in Tiger Woman that brought this. He and his patron Lady Harris were both ~~most amusing and~~ *wicely entertaining and* interesting poet into disgrace. ~~and after our first meeting arranged to have~~ his poems reviewed in Poetry London *because they deserved to be.*

Tony, who was studying conducting under Sir Henry Wood at the Royal College of Music was thoroughly impressed with my early poems (dedicated to Noemi) and, strangely enough by my songs which I had composed from the age of 16 to 18. Within the next few days we called on the music publishers in Shaftesbury Avenue where we were given gratis six or eight discs, all they had left in their office, of the old Eclipse record with my very first song on it which had been sold in Woolworth stores and managed to sell another, The Hindu Love Song, to Day and Co. in the real Tin Pan Alley, Denmark Street which however never appeared, probably due to my indifference. In England I was shedding ~~what~~ *part of* England had given me in Ceylon. We went to Stephen Spender's Trial of a Judge at The Group Theatre which had also performed Auden's ~~xxxxxx~~ Ascent of F 6 and submitted some of my poems to a couple of magazines. We found a house, 114 Whitfield Street, where the jolly landlady who was immensely ~~fat~~ *lived living* fat, Mrs Schouterden ~~xxxxxx~~ married to a Belgian, ~~living~~ *lived* at 64 Grafton



Her daughter for Valma who I later visited when she was settled in Gx + 88 1/2 p, was Duxon and charming with Vance. like eyes + boasts and in England I asked her for her comment on my ~~not~~ PL No. 1 which we published in PL No. 2.

Way W.1 (the address for the first two issues of Poetry London) supplied us with lunch and dinner for 30s. a week or rooms ~~for~~ only for 12s. 6d.

para | Breakfast was served in bed by Charles Haddon Rdevers Gray from Pop's Cafe next door for a commission of 6d. a week. It was one of many Rddversian plans to get rich serving as many Fitzorvians as possible in this manner. Conveniently, there was an intercommunicating door between the two houses and one only had to knock for Pop, a diminutive man of about 5 ft. to fill our orders for Eggs and Toast and Marmalade, and Bacon and Egg and Chips for about 9p. I remember the salmon salad cost 6d. No. 114 was bombed during the war and a populous one-storey ~~xxx~~ self-service Indian restaurant occupies the spot which I patronize nowadays, whenever I am around those parts, since it has a homely bazaar atmosphere and I can see and pick up for myself certain home-made relishes like ~~xxx~~ fresh coconut spiked with thin slivers of green chilly or those dhal rissoles we call marsala-vadai in Ceylon which used to hot up our schooldays in the noonday sun along with, ~~along with~~ <sup>and ~~the~~ devilled</sup> wood-apple <sup>chicks - peas</sup> or green mangoes much to the annoyance of our parents. The best Underground Stations for <sup>the</sup> Fitzrovia of my time are Warren <sup>Street</sup> Goodge <sup>Streets</sup> and Tottenham Court Road. The old fish and chips <sup>shop</sup> right opposite No. 114 with signs and notices still on display, and still bright with the red paint of a period I don't remember, ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ seems as if it must have ceased its brightly lit busy traffic nearly two decades ago. A penny's worth of chips was a welcome snack those days and one bought a 4d. or 6d. worth of fish and chips wrapped in sheets of newspaper or cod's roe of which I was very fond, born as I was by the seaside of Atchuvely in the Northern Jaffna Peninsula where the 'fisherwoman' brought the fruits of the sea straight from the catch for our delighted inspection and the haggling over prices with Elizam our cook in the courtyard of <sup>Grandfather of Stone House</sup> my Grandfather-with-the-Beard (the other being Grandfather <sup>with the Beard</sup> of ~~Stone House~~ <sup>de Sen hand of</sup> ~~praud~~ but pious descendant of Pararajasekharan VIII, the last King of Jaffna, from whom Grandfather



Poetry London (the first was designed by Lucian Freud)/~~who~~ was working for the Metal Box Company at the time ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ and until a few months ago was ~~the~~ production manager for my current Fitzrovia effort The Lyrebird Press, was another. (I had found him working as a punch time-keeper ~~at~~ for the Carlton Tower Hotel in Belgravia on my return from New York, or rather he found me, through the interview I had with Valerie Jenkins of The Evening Standard. He had left the Metal Box Company before he qualified for a large <sup>fat</sup> retirement pension to chase a girl across Europe to Greece and today, on an old age pension, he ~~earns extra~~ <sup>cash, which is legal of course,</sup> as a messenger boy at the Grosvenor House in Park Lane. With his dapper and diminutive size, just like Pop of Pop's Cafe (he is a great skater) he looks his part and was overwhelmed recently when the actress Shirley Maclaine sent him out to buy some 'intimates' from a chemist and handed over £1 for the service together with the bonus of her celebrated smile). He was ~~has~~ always nattily turned out in perfect taste, since he is a serious artist as well; ~~he~~ <sup>since he lived on the topmost floor,</sup> always had the manners of a perfect gentleman and at ~~114~~ No. 114, he was our watchdog for the moment the girl in the building opposite his room took off all her clothes and <sup>with perfect unconcern</sup> paraded up and down ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ although she ~~has~~ knew we were all watching.

*McKinnon*

Russell Croft and his girl friend Pat, ~~xxxx~~ <sup>among her</sup> who seemed to be eternally <sup>unusual characters in</sup> in the shower, were ~~other~~ <sup>unusual</sup> additions to our household. Surprisingly, Russell was recently named as the Public Relations officer for General Walker's Private Home Army for the take over of essential services in Britian should there be a collapse in the Home Front, which sounds like a very Russellian statement. I used to play cricket for his team, the Gentleman of Bloomsbury, and since men were scarce during the war years we once played a team of girls. I remember being bowled to by J.B.S. Haldane's <sup>but</sup> neice ~~and~~ I can't remember who got my wicket. It irked a Croft, probable heir ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ up a long ladder to a baronetcy, that ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ a damned Arab sniper had taken a pot shot at him during the Palestinian war injuring a ~~xxxxxxxx~~ tendon in one leg. At first we had thought



Julian MacLaren Ross's short story about me -  
Tambimuttu and the Progress of Poetry London in His  
Memoirs of the Forties in which, <sup>in Three Contemporary Portraits</sup> and in Punch, he says  
I claimed to be a Prince of Ceylon (from which the  
Odd Mr. Todd, as I called Ruthven Todd, extracted a  
shorter short story about me based on actual fact since  
I had done it to the painter Gerald Wilde in high fun  
one night at The Wheatsheaf - J.M. Ross having transmog-  
rified it - Gerald and I had high jinks every night  
throughout the war on the plentiful money provided for  
me by the generous Messrs. Nicholson and Watson - if we  
are to believe Rivvy in R. McLaren Ross it was my nightly  
performance, I mean, this passing of the hat around for  
good old Gerald every night - and Rivvy promised in his  
article not to cheat by stealing from others who have  
looked at the site from a different viewpoint - Rivvy  
never was a denizen of Fitzrovia preferring to hide in other  
people's offices like Grigson's, John Lehmann's, Cyril  
Connolly's and mine or sheltering under the wings of my  
dear friend the Hon. David Tennant in his jolly old hole  
The Gargoyle Club, while casting a wicked eye on his wife,  
the present Marchioness of Bath and my secretary Betty  
Tennyson-Jesse, as he confesses in this same article) had  
the old royal circles in Ceylon a flutter (the Sinhalese  
are Dravidians too, like me, not Aryan which only means  
noble (Arya) which I am through our motto Raja Madapaliyar  
Arya Kulathar - whence Sinhalese names like Senanayake and  
Bandaranayake - Nayak means they are of the Nayak caste -  
offspring of a Brahmin and a lower caste lady - Tony  
Dickins - who writes for the Genealogical Society's







The fashion of my introduction of Mary to Bunny was stunning too. I had taken her to my nightly haunt, The Carribean nightclub, in Denman Street, scene of some of my best known ~~experiences~~ exploits (Anne Valaoris beware!) where nice black hefty Rudi from Martinique, the proprietor, <sup>always</sup> sang Jean Sablon's J'Attendrai for me with his moon-face glowing in the half dark when she suddenly announced that she would very much like to sing a song through the mike. Mind you, she was only 16 and I was probably breaking the law taking her there in the first place. Anyway, it was wartime, and the streets were dark, and everything was happening around me, <sup>so</sup> and with Rudi's permission, I lead her to the stage and sit back to watch her beautiful face and lovely body, whereupon she starts crooning to the mike as if it were a baby and, dammit, takes her blouse and bra off as if to feed it. The audience loved her singing and swaying after that, especially Bunny in his dark corner, dark handsome wolf, who demanded to be introduced at once and so the deed was done.



that his tawny beard and breezy manner together with his ~~godhairs~~, walking stick and fashionable limp, which went well with his trim figure and deep-sunken Scots eyes, were a carefully rehearsed affectation. He loved amusing us playing 'the old man' on bandied legs, with his hands clasped behind his back, towards the gas fire, and lecturing to us in his old grand-dad voice. He frequented fusty clubs in Whitehall and elsewhere <sup>with single works where he dragged me along to meet gentle men there or those times old age</sup> and loved playing the caricature of the part he had chosen for himself up to the hilt while we hooted with laughter. I was invited to his wedding to ~~Honor~~ my good friend Honor Frost who was in charge of publications at the Tate Gallery (she did some lovely etchings of me and my friends, in groups, and I should love to own one of them today) and was later astonished to hear that the marriage had not lasted overnight!

Mary ~~Kean~~ Hunt, who I later introduced to Ralph Kean, who married her, lived in this house when she was 16. I had rescued her from Lucian Freud at Boris Watson's Coffee An' one night. Bunny Kean ran the documentary ~~filmunit~~ Crown Film Unit with Donald Taylor and Basil Wright, maker of the classic documentary film, The Song of Ceylon, which, I was pleased, <sup>the</sup> commissioned scripts from/impoverished Dylan Thomas. When I was impoverished myself, in New York, I sold a letter from Dylan <sup>to the House of Books, New York,</sup> which read: "Dear Tambi,

Please let me have the guinea you owe me for my last poem. Yours, Dylan."

*+ Suppose it rests in state in the University of Texas since I see from his Selected Letters that others he wrote to me rest in other great institutions which for me are all an of old money.*

Mary's beauty was stunning. "She is the most beautiful English girl I ever saw," Ruthven Todd, the poet told me when ~~he~~ saw her sitting

on a deck chair, sunning herself, on the half-way roof up to my room. <sup>when Tony and I had thought he was a spy sent by our rival Geoffrey Kingson who sold a New York to smoke away some of our secrets.</sup> Artists Augustus John and Matthew Smith both fell for her. A book of <sup>of</sup> ~~drawings~~ <sup>drawings</sup> by Augustus has her face on its cover and Matthew left her

£2,000 a year together with all his paintings and drawings which were of her duplex in Cornwall Gardens <sup>her</sup> strewn all over the place <sup>of</sup> when I visited <sup>on</sup> my return from New York. Matthew once told me <sup>of</sup> his secret remedy for sleeplessness. He sprinkled

INSERT  
Ask Mary.



wartime/ on in ~~Algeria~~ (7)

Insert  
(over)



(in sent)

Johnny?" Laci Yarnévelet Boldemany, nephew both of Sibelius and  
Selim Palm-Gren

composer  
his conductor/Yarnévelet also visited us at 28 Windmill Street  
to

XXXXXX/ play on Tony's piano which we had hauled on ropes through  
XXX

the windows because of the narrowness of the stairs were too  
narrow.

XXXXXX this was before we moved to Whitfield Street, after it had

been in storage XXXXX at Jean Hoare's and Philip O'Connor's

for a couple of weeks after transportation from his nursery in the

Hampstead XXX house of his parents. XXXXX

XXXXXX His uncles thought London was the

best place to study music. Before the year was out Laci conducted his

own tone poem at the age of 19 played by the Royal Military Academy

Orchestra at Woolwich.



Among those present the previous evening were George Barker and Douglas Warth, the sensational reporter for the Sunday Pictorial and The Daily Mirror who was made a special policeman in the wartime blackouts and was credited with putting the Messina brothers, ~~mixrxf~~ ~~business~~ who ran the red light district of London out of business - once at The Hog in the Pound near my office in Manchester Square which I considered to be my own new stamping ground, a wreath addressed to him was delivered by the Messina brothers. At that time he had a play on the boards (or was it <sup>earlier on</sup> at Oxford?). He was swathed in bandages and it was an extraordinary story he told us that evening. He had vowed to get his girl friend <sup>in Stockholm</sup> back or drive a knife through his aching heart and had notified The Daily Telegraph to this effect while promising them despatches on the gruesome proceedings. His girl/friend would not have him back, so he had proceeded with his plan, sent his despatches to The Telegraph and there he was before ~~us~~ our eyes straight out of hospital. The affair lost Bim, as we affectionately called him, his friendship with Anais and Hugo but he continued to be a very good friend of mine until he died a few years ago.

Larry sang a lovely song from the Old English strumming his guitar:

And there in that orchard lieth a knight  
His wounds are bleeding day and night  
Lully, lully lully, lullaby nlay

And there by that knight there kneeleth a maid etc

He had written to Anais in Paris enclosing the first copy of PL and asking her to come straightaway to London to meet me "since you both have similar handwriting," just as he had written that same very month, ~~as he has written~~, to Dylan Thomas to tell him that his ~~excruciating~~ "crabbed, botchy script" resembled Emily Bronte's, mailing him a facsimile postcard from <sup>the</sup> Autograph Collection in the British Museum.

Anais had caught the night train that very day, she told me <sup>later on</sup> in New York, and as I left that party Hugo stood by the bedroom door by the stairs holding the coffee table edition of The House of Incest in both hands like ~~xx~~ a white cellophane-wrapped tea-tray or an oriental gift. When I got back to Whitfield Street, I read through the book in half an hour and got so ~~excited~~ excited and curious over the identity of the author that I rang up Larry at once, late as it was. "Is Anais Nin a man or a woman?"



"My dear chap, you've been talking to her all evening," was his surprised reply.

Whence, I supposed, Anais early morning visit. "London is no place for you. Come with us to Paris this morning." I was too busy with the second number of PL, I said. "Well, then, you can have my apartment in the rue Cassini when you come up to Paris." That was the sole conversation we had, and she left as abruptly ~~as~~ abruptly as she had arrived.


The next summer, sure enough, she sent me the key/s for her apartment from Antibes at Tony's prodding who had found me ensconced in Montparnasse in ~~the Hotel Universelle~~ Philip O'Connor's favorite Hotel, the Hotel Universelle off the Boulevard Edgar Quinet. The room cost about 7 shillings a week. The net result of all this channel traffic and Larry's genius for putting people in touch with each other was that, in the Forties, PL was her first publisher on either side of the Atlantic. Her three previous volumes had been privately issued by ~~herself~~ herself and ~~and~~ Hugo, two of them printed by herself on a hand press. Her three volumes of writing were included in my publication Under a Glass Bell which had poor reproductions of Hugo's engravings. Unfortunately we had to use wartime newsprint and to my utter horror, when the copies arrived with ANAIS NIN ~~in~~ in large ~~hand-drawn~~ hand-drawn red lettering on the nice jacket, I discovered on the title page itself the diacritical mark on the i of Anais name had shifted over to the left on top of the a.

Rumours spread quickly in Fitzrovia and we didn't even have to bother hunting for a printer. One day a gentleman with a bowler hat and rolled up umbrella ~~xxxxx~~ turned up at 114 on behalf of the Women's Printing Society of Brick Street, Picadilly, with an offer to print the first number of PL. He had heard of the project from the poet and novelist Rayner Heppenstall. The nice lady printers and Hector Whisler



in sent

It was damned unfair since George Barker, himself, had helped with the typography - especially the ad for the second number in the inside back cover - the loveliest bit of typography in it - while quietly trying to persuade me <sup>to</sup> include my Ceylonese Love Songs written for Noemi in No.2 (in which he succeeded) and to send them to T.S.Eliot (in which he didn't). The effect of publishing the Ceylonese Love Songs was that a girl of fourteen in a convent wrote to say they were the best things in the magazine and to ask where she could buy some more! Which made me quite giddy. When she was older, <sup>I think,</sup> seventeen or eighteen, ~~she~~ she visited me at 26 Manchester Square and quite surprised me <sup>quite early one morning</sup> in Bombay, ~~where I was~~ where I had married Safia Tyabjee and settled down, quite early one morning with ~~the xxxxxx~~ a letter headed Interests Ltd. I ~~xxxxxxx~~ have now forgotten how she had gotten hold of my address through my wanderings in Ceylon and ~~India~~ India, but she had suddenly blossomed forth into a multi-lingual literary agent (chiefly ~~xx~~ French and Italian) and a wife as well since she had married her partner who was a Frenchman called Max Denis. I believe she has an 18 old son today called Patrick Denis which is sort of like completing a circle for me. She had her offices at No.15 New Row, right ~~xxxx~~ across my beloved 8 New Row, opposite the New Theatre, in St. Martin's Lane ~~which~~ where ~~resided xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ I outtrode a couple of years or wartime blackouts - <sup>Julius Horwitz, the G.I.</sup> ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ has a chapter re a visit to this ~~obstreperous~~ place in his book <sup>in which I am called Mandy not Tambi</sup> Can I Get There by Candlelight - which is like completing another circle for me in a life which seems to me entirely composed of circles since I am back in London again after, Colombo, ~~Madras~~ <sup>and</sup> Bombay, ~~Kashmir~~ New York. The girl who I am talking about who ~~had~~ had completed two ~~xxxx~~ cyclic revolutions ~~for xxxxxx was xxxxxxxx Margaret xxxxxxxx~~ for me in this cyclic pattern in life, which is entirely in conformity <sup>Supreme</sup> with Hindu philosophy, man thrust out of the ~~xxxxxxx~~ / Energy or Brahman, Appearance, and then absorbed back, Disappearance, like a wave rising and ~~falling~~ and falling on the ocean, or a fountain into the waters that feed it, was called Margaret Crosland.

As for Hector, he had turned up with "the souvenir cover" done up like a copperplate engraving with a perfect engraving of me, ~~plank~~, in the middle of the page and the contributors names beautifully arranged below it <sup>round it</sup> in copperplate lettering ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ A fantastic <sup>t</sup> arrangement in ironwork scrolls surrounded the whole. 



~~delays~~ made us postpone the publication day in January to one in February. One unfortunate lady compositor had pried up one whole galley of type by ~~dropping it on the floor~~ dropping it on the floor and several of our large size pages had to be hand-set all over again.

*para* // ~~Hector had turned up with "the southerly cover" drawn like a copperplate engraving with my face in the middle with a perfect drawing of me, black, in the middle of the page and the contributors names beautifully arranged round it in copperplate lettering.~~ *done up like a cover* *INSERT* *insert* *cover*

"For goodness sake, Hector, go home and put your thinking cap on again," ~~He returned it with the hair neatly~~ He returned it with the hair neatly

arranged in the pattern of a seashell to hide the features, which will

explain the origin of that curious shell design on the first two

numbers of the magazine. *Don't early one morning, for us,* *PARA A*

the magnificent offer to manufacture and display six coloured posters

in six main stations of the London Underground for the sum of about

£10 for the span of one whole year, I think. We accepted, of course:

POETRY (London) - The Platform for All Poets the caption screamed

across sweeping railway lines in four silkscreened colours. And the

contributors names ~~at the bottom~~ at the bottom were to be changed every month.

When the magazine appeared the pioneers of TV were naturally there to

collect Tony and me at Broadcasting House ~~xx~~ in their big bus to

appear in their Picture Page from the famous Crystal Palace which

seemed hellishly miles out of Ole London and beloved Soho. The big

board said <sup>1.</sup> ~~RHUBARB~~ with girl appearing on the stage carrying the plentiful

rhubarb in a basket and then <sup>2.</sup> ~~POETRY~~ (I'm not joking) for Tony and

me; we were so good they asked us to stay on for the evening show; they

had made up Tony with dark paint but not me and it was damned hot

under the carbon arc-lamps and the next day two girls rushed up to us

in a coffee Place in Tott. Ct. Rd. - we saw you on TVEEE!" And, of

course the gnomish Laurence Clark turned up in his 'motor' complete

with Russian midwinter headgear and heavy motoring gloves to give

us another offering for No.2, the first offering for No. 1 having gotten



used up in No.1.

The name of Hiawatha's daughter  
 was ~~/~~ Minnehaha, Running Water.  
 But let me think, when fancy quickens,  
 Of Tonimuttutambidickins;  
 And never send a verse that's phoney  
 To Dickinstambamuttutony,  
 Nor post a work that's namby pamby  
 To Muttutonydickinstambi.  
 So praise, like widow fired in suttee  
 To Tambidickinsmuttutony.  
 So keep this rule until Last Day  
 And God will ~~wipe~~ wipe your sins away.

On receipt of my first letter to him, together with our circular,  
 printed with the £5 birthday present to Tony from his Stowe schoolmate,  
 Lord Westbury, Dylan had written to his chum Vernon Watkins, before  
 its appearance: "There's a new periodical, Poetry (London) which  
 promises to be, if nothing else, well produced. Edited by a man  
 or woman called Tambimuttu. And after its publication, my present  
 neighbour John Lehmann of The Hogarth Press and New Writing told me  
 he had thought my name belonged to some secret society. Mr Anthony  
 Thwaite of the New Statesman couldn't have looked at my magazine  
 when he wrote in that journal that ~~for~~ the London bit to ~~xxxxxx~~  
Poetry London was not added on until the ~~xxxxxxx~~ third ~~xxxxxxx~~ or  
 fourth numbers. Nor could serious ~~xxx~~ and lazy critics follow the  
 non-literary J. MacLaren Ross bit of Punch humour about ~~xxx~~ PL 10  
 which he compared to Chums Annual - it was ~~236~~ 256 pp. long! of poets  
 I had not paid or something silly like that. Anyone who picks up  
 that ~~expensively bound~~ ~~expensively~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ produced volume will  
 see there in very heavy old type  
 that I revived ABOUT THIS NUMBER: these are poets who have never before  
 appeared in print, or in Poetry London. It was meant to shake up  
 the Establishment and prove my point/literary coteries had no meaning



in August 1968 in an interview I had with ~~Miss~~ Polly Toynbee - I had only called on my publishers to collect some royalties and she was there - daughter of an old friend - and he left a message for me with Paula Shaw-Lawrence ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ one of the greatest Fitzroviares ever (mother of Eattina Shaw-Lawrence, the painter) signed The Old Man from the Forest. Tony had been cut off by his father with £1 a week since he disapproved of his musical studies. Redvers wandered round the streets late at night to his own time-table, the Blue Angel at midnight and always Fillet Street after that for hot doughnuts which he brought back home when I was living in Howland Street with my neighbour, Tommy Farr's sparring partner's sister trying to housekeep for me or when I dosed down at Redvers' for a fortnight when my money had run out. I too was a true wanderer now.

I had ~~never~~ only turned up in London to surprise the girl I was going to marry with my unexpected presence. She had been bombarding me with letters to come to England and she, in her turn had been dragged down to London on the pretext ~~of~~ that her father who was our High Commissioner here wished to present her at Court, but actually it was to separate us since we were creating a scandal in Ceylon. I was not present when she thoroughly ~~shook~~ shook Redvers by tucking up her gold embroidered sari to clean my room, but she did give me the chance of having her back when she called on Tony and me when we shared the room on top of the arch opposite Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital which still stands there to my utter astonishment.

Tony played the piano for her at five in the morning ~~and~~ I took her for coffee at the all night cafe right beside Russell Square Tube Station. She had wandered all night all over Fitzrovia from one address to another and it was a miracle she had found it at all. I only heard the full story of what had happened that night when I ~~was~~ was having a solitary drink at 4 a.m. on the lawn of the Naveock Golf Club in Colombo in 1950 on my return to Ceylon from a distant cousin who had happened to notice the club lights were on at that strange hour. She had thrown her husband's typewriter out of the window and come out looking for me.

She was pregnant, should she have the baby. Being a noble man I said, of course and she left at once. I had won ~~her~~ her from the envious eyes of two future prime ~~xxxxxxxx~~ ministers of Ceylon and lost her since I had written to her to tell her I had fallen ~~xxx~~ madly ~~in~~ in love with a girl called Noemi - a name I had fished out of Guy de



Maupassant - it was she who introduced me to D.H. Lawrence - and would she look after her when she arrived in England. She wrote back "Hurrah! Of Course" and proceeded to give me an account of the mad breakfast parties she had been to during Boating Week in ~~Marble~~ Oxford with her cousins. In the meantime my novel was Heoni ~~(=)~~ which was herself, was on its way by sea with me to follow a couple of weeks later - a couple of weeks too late. It left me with a sense of the eternal loneliness of men and women despite all our words and stances. When we die we die alone to be recycled in the Supreme Supreme Energy of Brahman.

of Brahman.

And thus it was that I became <sup>a</sup> true Fitzrovia like my friends Augustus John, Roy Campbell, Gavin Maxwell, Eliabeth Smart or Kathleen Raine, ~~and~~ <sup>with me.</sup> of whom used to visit Fitzrovia. But I had had it my soul a very long time ago. When I was 14 ~~and lived in 1 Forbes Road, Colombo, and my cousin, Anton Gardiner~~ <sup>I was living at my uncle's in Darley Road. Gardiner is</sup> (a real Ceylonese name: the British wouldn't give us a University) although my relative Sir Ponnambalam Ramanathan put up a great fight - he had been moulded by his uncle Sir Muttu Coomaraswamy, ~~friend of Queen Victoria~~ first Asian Knight, friend of Queen Victoria and Disraeli who had him in a novel as a character, Kusinara - the family legend says he recited a poem ~~and said~~ in Buckingham Palace, ~~hurrah~~ <sup>too,</sup> and said "You know ~~xxx~~ Ma'am my ancestor was a king, / King Harichandra" <sup>said, Sir Muttu</sup> ~~(whoever he may be, whereupon she~~ <sup>with a sword, which always</sup> ~~and gave him the accolade~~ <sup>which sounds</sup> ~~more dramatic in Tamil~~ <sup>built on the faith of this century</sup> the Tamil ~~language~~ <sup>language</sup> ~~Today's University of Ceylon~~ <sup>had given</sup> stands on the site ~~xxxxxx~~ Sir Ponnambalam chose <sup>in the previous century</sup> the Americans <sup>had given</sup> ~~us~~ a university in Jaffna <sup>the English having banished</sup> and added on the Bostonian founding fathers' names to the graduate's real name - thus my great grandfather was Chittampalam Gardiner), ~~lived at my uncle's in Darley Road~~ <sup>Anton and I</sup> Separated by a distance of a hundred yards, ~~we~~ <sup>called ourselves</sup> ~~called ourselves~~ <sup>The Vagabond Pair</sup> after Dumas' The Musketeers, I mean the book, and not the film (I went to the cinema almost daily, sometimes two theatres a day which was easy since my uncle Sir Chittampalam Gardiner owned nearly all the cinemas all over the island - at the Regal Theatre, <sup>if they saw me enter,</sup> they put on my Eclipse disc with the song I wrote when I was 16 during the interval) ~~if they saw me in the audience~~. I even composed a song The Vagabond Pair for us to sing (and that was after the film) which my younger brother Thuraisingham roars out in ~~his~~ his great baritone in London today.

banished them to  
The North -



of Brahman.

And it was thus that I became a true Fitzrovia like my dear friends Augustus John, Roy Campbell, Gavin Maxwell, Elizabeth Smart or Kathleen Raine, all of whom used to visit Fitzrovia with me. But I had had it in my soul a very long time ago. When I was 14 and lived in Forbes Road, Colombo and my cousin, Anton ~~Maxine~~ Gardiner ( ~~xxxxx~~ a real Ceylonese name : the British wouldn't give us a University ~~in spite~~ of the great fight put up by my relative Sir Ramanathan but the Americans gave us one in Jaffna and added on the Bostonian names to the graduate's real name - thus my great-grandfather was Chittampalam Gardiner) although my relative Sir Ramanathan put up a great fight - today's University of Ceylon stands on the site he chose - but the Americans ~~xxxxxxx~~ gave us one, in Jaffna, and added on the Bostonian names to the graduate's real name - thus my great grandfather was Chittampalam Gardiner) lived at my uncle's in Darley Road, separated by a distance of about a hundred yards, we called ourselves The Vagabond Pair after Dumas' The Three Musketeers, I mean the book and not the film (I went to the cinema almost daily, sometimes two theatres a day which was easy since my uncle Sir Chittampalam Gardiner owned nearly all the cinemas all over the island - at the Regal Theatre/<sup>they</sup> put on my Eclipse disc with the ~~16xxxxxx~~ song I wrote when I was 16 during the interval if they saw me in the audience). I even composed a song The Vagabond ~~for~~ Pair for us to sing (and that was after the film) which my younger brother Thuraisingham roars out in his great baritone in London today.

Anton and I accompanied each other home, those one hundred yards <sup>between our two houses,</sup> every night, chatting, often until four or five in the morning since we really did not want to be separated. We did this during the day as well and <sup>on</sup> one of those days <sup>Anton</sup> produced a poem that he had written for me to look at and ~~this~~ it read:

So we'll go no more a roving  
So late into the night,  
Though the heart be still as loving  
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,  
And the soul wears out the breast,  
And the heart must pause to breathe,  
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving  
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~  
And the day returns too soon,



Though the night was made for loving,  
 And the day returns too soon,  
 Yet we'll go no more ~~xxx~~ a roving  
 By the light of the moon.

Deeply moved I <sup>in me</sup> immediately put my arm round him and said "Anton, you are a much better poet than I". It took me a couple of years, ~~I think~~, before I discovered that Byron had written it, probably basing it on a Scots original. ~~xxxxxx~~ The blighter <sup>Anton</sup> had turned the tables on me, cunningly, and I couldn't charge him with deception since it was I, ~~G.K. Chesterton~~, founder of the Chestertonian Coffee Club, at ~~St. Joseph's College, Colombo~~ <sup>my college,</sup> who had made him ~~xxx~~ Byron in my Club <sup>and sure enough this poem is by Byron</sup> where I was Percy Bysshe Shelley in my private capacity and lectured to them in rhymed verse, ~~ex tempore~~ <sup>in iambic pentameters</sup>. ~~I must have been a bore, but it was fun~~. It was great fun.

Tony replaced Anton for me in London and thus it was that I used to ~~xxxxxx Tony xxxxxxxx~~ exhort Tony and others to come with me to Fizrovia, a roving in Redversian fashion. In the same way as Alan Ross, the editor of The London Magazine of today used to shout in the blitzkreig, in utter darkness, "Come to 8 New Row, Come to 8 New ~~Rowxxxxxx~~ Row!" which, as I said, was my address at the time, off St. Martin's Lane. The fact that the name <sup>persists</sup> ~~exists~~ does not surprise me because of the unity of ~~xxxxxx~~ spirit and atmosphere which made it unique in the London of my days. Even the American G.I., as we called him, Julius Horwitz, has perfectly captured the spirit of the place with great clarity and truthfulness and <sup>a</sup> presented us with true portraits of people I knew. It is one of the best books to come out of the last war.

I had <sup>one</sup> ~~the~~ surprising experience of the capability of survival <sup>some</sup> ~~one~~ term ~~one~~ had coined for one's own convenience before I left London. I had



I had another surprising experience of the survival of ~~another~~ a second term I had ~~during the war~~ used during the war to describe ~~Chipping Campden~~ <sup>the Cotswolds</sup> ~~the pub in Rathbone Street~~. I had just returned from ~~Elizabeth Fairclough's place~~ <sup>Chipping Campden</sup>, where Stephen and Inez Spender had honeymooned the previous fortnight.

I had another surprising experience of the survival of a second term I had used during the war to describe a pub in Rathbone Street. I had just returned ~~after~~ <sup>from</sup> my honeymoon with Jaqueline Stanley, from Elizabeth Fairclough's place, in Chipping Campden, where Stephen and Inez Spender had honeymooned the previous fortnight. It was in Chipping Campden that I <sup>had</sup> discovered my first 'country pub' in Jackie's ~~and~~ <sup>Tchaikovsky's</sup> grand-daughter's company...

After a certain hour in the evening, The Wheatsheaf, The Fitzroy and The Black Horse had an overload of people and it was time ~~in~~ for us to move on. I did so to ~~this pub in Rathbone Street~~ which is the continuation of Rathbone Place after it curves around The Marquess of Granby towards The Duke of York. It was a "beer only" ~~bar~~ one-room bar on the left side of the street, ~~which was~~ almost denuded of people, except for a few workmen, and their friends, and it reminded me of the <sup>"country"</sup> pubs of the Cotswolds. So, when the tensions and traffic rose, <sup>secret</sup> with the smoke and noise, it was time for me to make a rendezvous with my friends at The Country Pub. It became a regular habit with us and since the <sup>pubcrawl</sup> ~~pubcrawl~~ was a well-timed affair we all got to know where we could find each other at any time of the day, or evening, even before and after pub hours, since night-clubs, restaurants and cafes were ~~xxxxxx~~ <sup>period to period</sup> ~~the pubcrawl~~ beads in the smokey necklace of the pubcrawl. My pubcrawl varied from ~~time to time~~ <sup>but</sup> the most romantic was the one which included Margot Foteyn, Moira Shearer, Bobby Helpmann and Constant Lambert at the New Theatre right ~~opposite~~ <sup>in</sup> my own 8 New Rew. I slipped for fifteen minutes ~~or more~~, depending on the state of my <sup>and the availability of valuable drinking hours in pub or club</sup> ~~inebriation~~ by slipping half-a-crown (2s. 6d.) to the usher and stand behind the last <sup>rank of seats</sup> ~~the last seats~~ or sit in the front row, as I pleased. Once Constance <sup>was</sup> bowing to his ~~audience~~ <sup>Stewart Scott gazing at me, head bobbing up and down</sup> and I told him, "Dear old Constance is bowing to our presence," it was part of the music, part of the ballet, part of our entry. <sup>And that night they performed my friend Edith's Facade, I pretended to be an</sup> <sup>English Sitwell's (She once threw a glass and</sup> <sup>at me)</sup>



kinds were generally worn over one or both shoulders thus providing for an easily enfoldable protection in the case of sudden cold spells, especially in the winter. The method of two garments, of which one is generally not worn, or carried as a fold only, is <sup>a</sup> characteristic adaptation to the quickly changing temperature and sudden spells of the otherwise tropical climate of South Asia. The beauty of well-trained and sun-tanned chest and shoulders was further ~~enhanced~~ stressed by the frequent use of white flower garlands, or shining metal jewellery, on the bare skin. In that way aesthetic ~~proportion~~ proportion was concentrated on the natural beauty of proportion, line and colour of the human body, rather than on the ~~display~~ display of costly material in unnatural shapes, such as have been characteristically developed in the dress fashions of Europe, northern Asia, including classical China and ~~Japan~~ Japan.... thereby upsetting the body's inner harmony and meaning. If man was made in the image of God, the South Asian artist has perceived something of the divine in the ~~proportions~~ proportions and positions of the human body which do not bear heavy clothing. Buddhist and contemporary Hindu sculpture reached certainly the peak of utilization of the human body as a symbol for the eternal." ~~Besides~~ <sup>besides, no</sup> The Indians had inhibitions about the human figure, in which they saw only the divine. In their worship of Woman they worshipped entire creation, which is something we shall return to later.

According to ~~the~~ <sup>also</sup> Epics, a beautiful woman is vaulted in six places; according to ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Epics, at the back of the ~~hands~~ hands, the top of the feet, ~~the breasts~~ the belly, the breasts, buttocks and eyes; she has seven things fine and delicate: skin, hair, fingers, toes, and the joints of fingers and toes; three things deep: voice, character, navel; five things red: palm of hand, corner of the eye, palate, tongue and lips. A similar catalogue of charms <sup>is</sup> given of the heroine Draupadi by Queen Sudeshna: "Her ankles do not stand out(?), ~~and~~ and her thighs are firm and hard. Three things in her are deep (voice, understanding and navel), six high-arched (nose, eyes, ears, nails, breasts, the joint of the neck), five red (the palms of the hands, the soles of the feet, the corners of the eyes, the tongue, the nails); she speaks unclearly as the swan, her brows and eyes are round-arched, red as the bimba-fruit



are her lips, her neck is like shell, her veins are hidden, her face is like the full moon, and so on. Glorious she is as a mare from Kashmir."

In the Epics too we find the earliest mention of <sup>the idea popular among</sup> a popular idea of ~~the~~ Indian poets <sup>that</sup> ~~that~~ a woman <sup>should</sup> ~~should~~ have the graceful <sup>walk</sup> ~~carriage~~ of an elephant: %

And so the Lotus-Eyed One, to Him of the lotus eyes  
Walked up, with the proud step of the elephant,  
And the Dark One, with tear-filled eyes, spoke to him The Dark One.  
<sup>The Mahabharata.</sup> <sup>the people who do not know him,</sup>  
Though the elephant is considered clumsy by ~~people who least know him,~~ no  
doubt because of his large size and weight, he is as graceful as a ballerina  
as anyone who has seen ~~walk~~ him walk, slowly, majestically, <sup>and slowly</sup> prettily along the  
the narrow bund of a rice-field will know. <sup>For Indian poets</sup> he is so much  
a symbol of ~~beauty and symmetry~~ <sup>grace</sup> strength and symmetry, ~~and~~ that women's ~~arms~~  
arms and thighs, ~~beauty and symmetry~~ <sup>are often</sup> compared to elephant's  
The soft and graceful gait of an Indian woman is likened to that of an elpt; and  
trunks. Her effortless, graceful walk is like an elephant's! <sup>in the East,</sup>  
where ~~women's~~ woman's garments permit freedom of movement and sympathetic  
co-operation of the muscular system this is an apt comparison. In the  
West the natural swing of the hips, only possible in conjunction with the  
free, lithe play of the muscles of the foot and torso, is restricted and  
becomes jerky... The elephant has an exquisite sense of balance and most  
supple joints, and can even make obeisance with profound dignity." %  
F.H. Andrews, Journal of Indian Art, X, 52.

% "A woman, ~~beauty~~ beautiful both in the formation and development of her person, and walking with her full and rounded thighs and hips, in the gait of a she-elephant in rut, and possessing eyes agile and full of desire like those of a pigeon intoxicated with the wine of youth, should be deemed specially fortunate..", Agni Purana, tr. by Manmatha Nath Dutt, Calcutta 1904.

As to carriage and deportment, attention was paid to voice which should be soft and musical. The Ratira-hasyam (c.2nd Century) and Ananga Ranga (c.15th Century) in commending the Lotus and Art-Type of woman/compare their voices to the swan's and the peacocks. Indian poet's admired the voice of the peacock ~~because~~ because of its pitch. Though the voice of the peacock is not sweet, poet's admired it because of its pitch.



*the celestial voice has also been defined.* <sup>much</sup> <sup>(as we have seen 7 (a) ~~as we have seen~~ the four are ~~the four~~ things deep: "voice, character & navel")</sup>  
As <sup>to</sup> carriage and deportment, attention was paid to the voice. The most <sup>admired</sup> seems to have been the "husky" voice, - soft, low and musical. ~~and the~~

poet says "her sweet voice spoke unclearly as the swan's." (The Ratira-hasyam (c. 2nd Century) and Ananga Ranga (c. 15th) in commending the Lotus and Art-type of woman as the best among the four types mentioned ~~do~~ compare their voices to the swan's and the peacocks. Though <sup>the</sup> ~~they~~ are by no means sweet the poets <sup>have</sup> ~~admired~~ <sup>them</sup> ~~the voices of the swan and of the peacock because~~ because of <sup>the</sup> ~~their~~ pitch. It is for this reason the ~~voice~~ voice has also been compared to a parrot's:

The ineffable sweetness of your words seems the voice of a parrot caged in  
your throat,

And so the God of Love has placed the bimba & fruit as your nether lip ~~just~~  
just to tempt that bird from within.

Muka: Arya Satakam.

\*The Mimordica Monadelphæ is a fruit about two inches long; when ripe it becomes  
vermilion-red.



~~The Indian woman was of course fond of cosmetics~~ In common with her  
~~civilized sisters all over the world~~ <sup>we find that Indian women use food of cosmetics</sup> ~~From the most ancient times we find~~ <sup>she used various</sup>  
~~various fards were used to keep the complexion clear and translucent.~~

Even now

She is present to me on her bed  
 Balmed with the exhalation of a flattering musk,  
 Rich with the curdy essence of sandal.

Mud-packs for the face were <sup>used in use</sup> ~~in use~~ during the time of the Buddha, and Ananaga  
 Ranga besides <sup>mentioning different</sup> ~~various~~ beauty creams for the face describes <sup>various hair-oils and dyes</sup> ~~remedies for~~  
<sup>and</sup> ~~for the removal of pimples,~~ <sup>hair oils and dyes,</sup> ~~some astringents,~~ <sup>skin skin</sup> ~~and~~  
~~depilatories.~~ <sup>and remedies for the removal of pimples, freckles etc.</sup> The place of lipstick in her toilet was taken by the shell of  
 green walnuts, betel leaf, or the bark of the walnut tree. As early as the  
 1st century B.C. we find a poetess singing: "I rose and broke a branch of dadali  
 and reddened my lips with the sap". Nails were coloured <sup>red with henna and</sup> pink with myrrh, or  
 leaves of roses steeped in ~~winegar~~ <sup>or red with henna.</sup>

When she puts henna on her hands and dives in the river  
 One would think one saw fire twisting and running in the water.

The soles ~~exposed~~ of the feet were ~~were~~ reddened with scented lac, and very  
 pretty they look nowadays too, ~~since~~ since the custom persists. The Indian  
 perfumes, mention of which we find in the Epics were of course exotic. There  
 were perfumes for different hours of the day, for different seasons, for different  
 kinds of dresses, <sup>and</sup> for different types types of women. To quote <sup>from the Bride's Book of Beauty</sup> Mrs Krishna  
 Rauthessingh, the ~~cool~~ attar of Keora is a well-known perfume for the  
 summer morning, and goes with summer dresses and a fair, slim form with a  
 reflective temperament. The attar of roses is suited to mid-day, goes well with  
 velvet and reflects to advantage a vivacious, dark brown, full face. The delicate  
 attars of Motia and Chambeli are ~~suit~~ suited to the shades of the afternoon and  
 the evening, violet, blue or green dresses. And they become mature women of  
 thirty or forty. The fascinating aroma of Mohsary is subtly conducive to rest  
 in the tense, heavy Indian summer. It goes with rustling silks...The attar of  
 Kasturi is appropriate for the hours of work, and should be used on yellow or  
 saffron robes. It is specially suited to men and women who profess the arts which  
 require deep meditation.

The attar Champa is a perfume for the open air and the garden..is young and innocent.



The attar of Henna is a sports scent. The attar Fitna goes with highly emotional natures, The attar Pantiz is a gay and naughty perfume with an active and tingling freshness, etc etc. *The attar Hush evokes a serious emotion, like that aroused by flowing water, music or any pure form, hinged with a faint uneasiness!*

Even now

She is present to me on her beds,  
Balmed with the exhalation of a flattering musk,  
Rich with the curdy essence of santal;  
Girl with eyes dazing as the seeded wine,  
Showing as a par of gentle nut-hatches  
Kissing each other with their bills, each hidden  
By turns within a little grasping mouth.

As for the mode of dressing, *the the* Ajanta frescoes, the sculptures, the classical poets and the Epics show that *we find that* silks, garlands of pearls, ~~and~~ precious stones, or flowers were used in such a way as to emphasize the symmetry of the form. Jewellery was used in the hair, ~~xxxxxx~~ ears, *the breasts!* nose, around the neck and waist, arms and ~~with~~ wrists, *the* the ~~ankles~~ ankles:

She appears like a flash of lightning;  
Crowns of gold with rubies and diamonds set and countless pearls,  
Many a row of pearls is gleaming,  
Many an anklet twinkling,  
Many a wreath of gems on her neck,  
Diamonds and rubies threaded fair!  
A ~~slender~~ slender waist is decked with bells,  
Heart-ensnaring the ring in her nose!  
Heavy tresses braided well  
Where ~~xxxx~~ strings of jewels are woven in.  
Beautiful rubies swing in her ears,  
Bracelets yeild delight;  
Here there is worn a silken robe,  
There are folds that make it fair.

Anon. 8th Cent. A.D.

And ~~there was of course~~ there was of course the red spot of kum-kum, ~~or spot of~~ andal-paste on the forehead that is to this day worn by Indian women:

Fair-face, red-brow-spot, ~~there~~ there -  
Behind the heavy jet-black hair -

vidyapati.

And now we come to the position of woman in Indian society. ~~the position of~~

~~their~~ Their power and influence in ancient times must have been great *To guess*  
survive  
from the matriarchal societies that still ~~exist~~ in certain parts of India. Under  
such a system, it is matrilinear descent that is considered important, and  
~~inheritance~~ inheritance of property is through the mother. The identity of a  
father may be in doubt, but not the mother's, and therefore a man is considered



to be closely related to his sister's son, but not to his own. *It is clear that she must have been* She ~~was~~ all-powerful at one time. *in India* In the earlier pre-Aryan societies, Woman was also worshipped in the ideal of the Mother Goddess in India, Persia and the Aegean. The worship is persists today in India where she has various names like Kali, Amba, Durga and Devi Mata. She is also worshipped popularly as Sakti, or Female Energy which symbolises the whole universe and which has been ~~transformed~~ transformed in the temples into the personification of the yoni (womb), which is the counterpart of the Linga or phallus of Shiva. The worship of Sakti or Saktism is the prevailing religion of modern Bengal. *The persistence of the worship in India of Kali, Amba, Durga & Devi Mata all various names for woman, is also a pointer towards the fact that she must have been all-* Though Goddesses play an insignificant part in the early Aryan hymns, the *the whole* later hymns in the Rik-Veda and ~~of the~~ collections of the other three Vedas which had probably by then come under the influence of the indigenous Dravidian culture award a high place *to* for woman. She is the counterpart of God, the form through ~~which~~ which energy finds expression. She is Aditi, symbol of the whole world of nature, ~~the common mother of gods and men~~ and *and* she is the common mother of gods and men. *She is* She is a honoured and equal part of every marriage with freedom to choose her husband from a multitude of ~~suitors~~ suitors in the ceremony of swayamvara, where after ~~physical~~ physical and intellectual competitions among the suitors she garlands the man of her choice, even as the Lord Buddha's *bride* wife did to him in her *own* swayamvara.

*For the fusion of Dravidian and Aryan ideals of womanhood, the fusion of the typical* The fusion of Dravidian and Aryan ideals of womanhood *has resulted in the typical modern Indian view. As it is put in the Mahabharata:*

A wife is half the man, the best of friends;  
The root of the family and its perpetuity,  
The source of well-being....  
Wives are friends in the wilderness  
Soothing with their gentle talk;  
Like fathers in the serious trials of life,  
Like mothers, they *become* become, in times of hardship;  
Succour to the traveller lost in the *wilds* wilderness  
Wives *grant* grant the best of havens in life....  
Though irritated by a slight  
Never should man give pain to her  
Who has been his delight:  
Rather should he consider *his* his  
His happiness, his joy, and happiness *are* are dependent on her  
And the fulfilment of all his duties.  
The wife is the constant and sacred source of life,  
For without her,  
Could the sages, even, themselves  
Have given ~~her~~ birth to a child?

*The Mahabharata c. 3rd Century B.C.*



MINE IS NOT A SONG OF LAUGHTER

Mine is not a song of laughter <sup>or</sup> and mirth,  
~~Refreshing~~ <sup>Refreshing</sup> ~~weary~~ <sup>limbs</sup> limbs;

Mine is a stroke on the harp of ~~fire~~  
~~That unifies the quick and the dead.~~ <sup>unites, uniting, uniting, uniting</sup>

My song is an ~~endless~~ <sup>endless</sup> heat <sup>a continual</sup> and  
~~Issuing~~ <sup>Rising</sup> from a hundred blazing losses, insults, humiliations;  
It is the ~~fiery~~ <sup>incandescent</sup> vapour  
~~Steaming~~ <sup>captive</sup> from the ~~stified~~ <sup>stified</sup> energy of the soul.

Mine is ~~a~~ <sup>the</sup> song of gods and devils  
Sung over the ~~churning~~ <sup>ocean's churning</sup> of the ocean for nectar;  
It is a song over the drinking of ~~Kakata~~ <sup>Kakata</sup> poison Kalakuta poison  
To become ~~a~~ <sup>to become the</sup> conqueror of Death.

It is the pouring out of the generous blood  
To worship the feet of the Mother;

It is the healing word  
That welds ~~brawling~~ <sup>well-being</sup> (bickering) brothers at ~~a~~ <sup>one</sup> breath.

It is the self-denying thought  
That dispels ~~meanness~~ <sup>banishing</sup>, cowardice, helplessness;

It is the common seal  
That ~~imprints~~ <sup>imparts</sup> one form, one colour, one expression.

It is the voice of ~~humanity~~ <sup>shared</sup> scarified <sup>shared</sup> humanity  
Under ~~a~~ <sup>weight</sup> mountain load of insults; <sup>decision</sup>

It is the voice of pride incarnate  
That ~~despises~~ <sup>Despising</sup> the vanity of oppressors. <sup>division</sup>

It is the deep ~~grave~~ <sup>grave</sup> stroke  
That awakens sleeping life;



It is the song of the regiment <sup>march</sup>  
To <sup>get back our back what we have lost</sup> reclaim humanity's lost possessions.

It is the awful history

~~Of the humiliation of Divinity in man~~  
Of ~~the~~ Divinity-in-man's humiliation;

It is the heart-stirring <sup>warning</sup> desire

To die for the <sup>salvaging</sup> salvage of life.

It is <sup>a</sup> the ton of sorrow

Wringing out when life is chained; <sup>free</sup>

It is the ghost determination

That laughs to scorn the humiliators of mankind. <sup>humanity</sup>

~~The process of dehumanizing~~ Man.

It is the great flood of Sharavana

Washing away the pus of a hundred wounds;

It is the voice of the mother calling her children

To ~~sacrifice~~ <sup>live</sup> suffice, to catch the greatness of ~~his~~ life.

Translated from the Assamese of Ambikagiri Roy Chowdhury by

Birinchi Kumar Barua and T. Tambimuttu.  
The Assamese text was written by Birinchi Kumar Barua and T. Tambimuttu. The English text was written by Birinchi Kumar Barua and T. Tambimuttu. The Assamese text was written by Birinchi Kumar Barua and T. Tambimuttu. The English text was written by Birinchi Kumar Barua and T. Tambimuttu.

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# POETRY



Meary James Thambimuttu



4.

And the monks, 'Gather up Bāhiya Dārucīriya's body, monks, place it on a bed, carry it out, burn it, and make a tope for it; ~~see~~ a companion of yours in the life of purity, monks, has died'.

'Yes, Venerable Sir' assented the monks, and, gathering up Bāhiya Dārucīriya's body and placing it on a bed, they carried it out, burnt it, and made a tope for it. Then they went up to the Auspicious One, paid homage, and sat at one side. When they were seated they said to the Auspicious One, 'Bāhiya Dārucīriya's body, Venerable Sir, has been cremated, and a tope made for it. What is his destiny? What is his future state?'.

'Bāhiya Dārucīriya, monks, was intelligent; he practised in accordance with the Doctrine; and he did not worry me with questions about the Doctrine. Bāhiya Dārucīriya, monks, is extinct.'

Then the Auspicious One, concluding, on that occasion exclaimed:

'Where there is no foothold  
For earth, fire, water, or air,  
There, is seen no starlight,  
And there, the sun does not burn,  
There, no more the moon shines,  
And there, no darkness is found.  
When, with his own wisdom,  
The wise man, the Brāhman, has seen,  
Then, from form and formless,  
From pleasure and pain, he is freed.'

These words too, exclaimed by the Auspicious One, I heard thus.

(Udāna, I, 10)

①

The foxes are dancing at the MCKean's

The green dragons are having a very good time  
The green dragons are massed for a prancing.  
They go tick-tock, like any old clock  
The green dragons are advancing on Mother,

#### ABOUT ME

Take this laboratory bowl for instance,  
It's pure porcelain. That egg-rack there  
Pure card-board. It's just two and two. Together  
~~As mate first, See?~~

Walt Whitman walking down Brooklyn Bridge  
Looking for a whale was accosted by a beetle  
in a top-hat looking for him.

"What do you want Mr. Whitman?" said the Beetle

"Oh nothing," said Mr. Whitman.

"Tut! Tut!" said the beetle, "~~what are we~~  
~~coming to.~~"

Marianne Moore, measuring distances in Brooklyn  
Highlights with a theodolite

~~was grossly disturbed by a man in a black~~

was perturbed to see a man make a  
wee-wee on the side-walk.

"Look, young man," said she "There are places  
and places,"

"For every proper thing to be done, as should be?"

But Mr. Sarsaparilla was a cure for the  
unmentionable

(That is when the Americans first came to say  
hello and how-do-you-do to the Americans)  
Went to London and Paris, France to say hello  
to the natives there

And, we are told, mind you, it may only be



(2)

hearsay, met his death, after living to <sup>a</sup> hundred  
and sixty.

Mr Lambottom (pronounced Lamborton) who was the  
head of his class at Harvard  
thought he would <sup>like</sup> to meet Mr Allen Ginsberg the  
famous Indian Confucianist <sup>and</sup> mimic  
and ~~caricaturist~~ as a party  
and wrote Mr Lambottom when he <sup>he</sup> held (the  
apprehending of Mr Ginsberg

"How extraordinary, most extraordinary."

To tell you another story, and I hope <sup>I</sup> wait  
till the ladies ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~here~~ <sup>here</sup> ~~then~~ <sup>then</sup>)  
(And this is a story that has <sup>often</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>told</sup> ~~often~~ <sup>told</sup>)

Then was a young man of Missapecqua who  
just loved to sit

In a lady's hat-box to powder on the  
cruelty of fate.

That is the end of what I have to say, except  
to add that

I am most displeased with what I have had  
to say.

But not every body has a story to tell and once

You may be <sup>quite</sup> ~~damned~~ sure you've made a  
damned fool of yourself.





"Would you care to stay in the shop?" he asked. "I have some straighten up his  
his second time <sup>over the fence</sup> after the  
"I would," I said. "But I'm staying at the Hotel des Saintes Peres."

~~parents' apartment~~ <sup>in-drawn</sup> ~~which is~~ <sup>like</sup> ~~they are~~ <sup>drawn</sup> ~~beli-dagging~~ <sup>into his delicate frame</sup> like those pink & white sea crabs

"star-eaten & drenched of the sky". "I don't know why," said I, "but I don't like it." "Another day or two people," he told me ~~later~~ <sup>when</sup> he served me dinner at the sole ~~single~~ <sup>circular table</sup> ~~in the~~ <sup>outside</sup> on the terrace of his shop, a garden table. ~~Brossini~~ <sup>My old friend Brossini of the Cafe Dome days, in</sup> and ~~for~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~table~~ <sup>with his wife</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>the table that evening</sup> the chicks, the photographs ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~man's~~ <sup>man's</sup> ~~occupation~~ <sup>occupation</sup> in

equipped with  
+ personal sun happiness as the Western + American scenes  
scenes are ~~perfect~~ <sup>blasted</sup> in head lines, shocks + disasters. +  
Island R. C.

1. hadn't seen for fifteen years

on her as him a sponsor. I saw him some time ago. George runs a free  
handout. Paul Zweig from New York asks. I George runs a free  
lending library to all callers - a community service like the  
various free services of the Diggers in New York who run  
a free medical clinic & free shop to give away hypodermics, <sup>on it</sup>  
capes, record-players, the necessities of life. (They  
once turned my N.Y. office into an oriental <sup>store</sup> ~~shop~~ <sup>ed</sup>  
within a few hours for a party I had for my late uncle's <sup>friend</sup> ~~friend~~  
friend: Hedi Lamare. I ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> a friend of her son's  
~~daughter-in-law~~ <sup>boy's</sup> without knowledge of her mother's identity  
and he & his wife <sup>had</sup> asked me whether they could bring her  
to my weekly Friday party. I had immediately produced a  
photo of ~~my~~ Hedi & my uncle & decided ~~to~~ to create  
the environment of India & Ceylon. I phoned up the Diggers.  
They brought the material & did the work within 2  
hours without any expense. Karma - yoga. The  
yoga of the flower-children. The yoga of today. George's  
yoga. My yoga).

"Of course, Pearl," George said, "don't forget to

3

Return it," George said. I had not seen Paul, poet and lecturer  
at Columbia University since I last saw him 15 years ~~of~~ back  
ago in New York at the White Horse Tavern in Greenwich Village  
- the favorite joint of ~~Dr. Lewis Thomas & the British govt~~  
the artists of the quarter. He had ~~come~~ <sup>and Dylan Thomas.</sup> tumbled into  
~~the arms of the quarter.~~ <sup>He had come to work in Perigord in</sup>  
~~the narrowest and friendliest~~ <sup>rather ecstatically</sup> south where he  
had settled down and was engaged on a book on A.D.venture -  
the subject he had been ~~lecturing~~ teaching at Columbia. By  
adventure he must mean awareness of and letting ourselves be relaxed by  
fact of the cosmic flux, to experience, knowledge, love - the  
dance of ~~cosmic~~ energy, the atomic dance, the Dance of  
Shiva the god with a 1001 ~~for~~, in other words, infinite  
names: The dance of Kosmos, expanding, contracting, <sup>system + disc + hole</sup> ~~the~~ the  
human heart. When Shiva stops dancing the world sleeps for  
aeons & when he wakes it dances again. The stars, flowers,  
~~stones~~ <sup>rocks</sup> beings are aspects of his cosmic dance - the  
discovery of Blake & the flower children in the Hindu  
mandala - the point of meditation & expanding  
energy in free play, inter-acting, creating, preserving,  
destroying, changing, the cosmic play, <sup>the atom,</sup> we are all  
pure energy, free and beautiful, giving & taking.  
I'm Haynes,  
"Have you met Tambora after George's telegraphed ~~say~~ <sup>speak</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>George introduction</sup>  
a tall, bearded powerfully-built young man in leather  
jacket and leather satchel slung on his shoulder reminiscent of young  
El Sandberg, founder of the Kings Pop group in America. "Tim, I've ~~been~~ <sup>known</sup>  
just my arm round Tim Haynes, London twice to  
wanted to meet! I've called on your yard Arts Lab in  
mistake ~~it~~ <sup>you</sup>. Here, <sup>at the time</sup> ~~I was going to place~~  
log me your address in Paris, <sup>they got married</sup>  
book meeting <sup>I've advised Charles to pull out of the main</sup>  
your mind <sup>a cademic</sup> ~~Establishment into~~ <sup>Cosmology</sup> ~~Fakes & Fakery. No place for a~~  
creative man ~~with new ideas~~ <sup>full of</sup> ~~the most~~ <sup>realistic</sup> ~~heavy~~ <sup>ideas</sup>  
of this century, or any century."  
"I've had to close the Arts Lab," Tim says.